

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

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AMERICAN LIFE  
IN FICTION FACT  
AND COMMENT

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## A LITTLE HEROINE OF THE SEAS

Chapter Four  
Tom Tinker appears

**T**HOUGH Hartley and Molly watched for the strange shape the next evening and the two evenings that followed, they saw nothing of it. Nevertheless, the impression of a gigantic white monster bending forward and shambling slowly across the ice fields remained firmly fixed in their minds.

Ten or twelve days later, after the men had salvaged much of the bone and oil aboard the Chimborazo, Hartley and Captain Linscott set off to see what was on the William Crane. Sam and Molly accompanied them, and all walked on snowshoes, half a dozen pairs of which are always included in the outfit of an Arctic whaler. Hartley had armed himself with one of Captain Linscott's carbines.

They found the vessel largely dismantled. The Huskies had carried off much of the upper works, including the wheelhouse, the rail and even the doors of the cabin. They had taken also all of the food supplies; but the bone and the casks of oil in the hold appeared to be untouched. Captain Linscott estimated that there might be ten or twelve tons of bone; if he got the chance he was determined to salvage it.

On the way back to the Norcross the little party made a detour on the old ice of the floes, where the walking was better than on the newer, crumpled ice near the beach. An aurora was alternately flushing and darkening. As they pushed on they spied three foxes round one of the old blubber heaps that the crew of the Chimborazo had left piled on the margin of the ice field to which the vessel had been moored when they had abandoned her.

"Don't scare them; I'll get one of them sure," Hartley said and, keeping in the shelter of an intervening hummock, stole forward.

The foxes were acting strangely; they were running round and round the blubber at some little distance from it and did not appear to notice Hartley's approach. He crept forward

to within fifteen or twenty yards of them and then fired and knocked one of the agile creatures over. Instantly a huge white bear rose from beside the blubber. It sniffed; then it growled menacingly and stood with long neck outstretched. Hartley decided that the most prudent thing he could do would be to hold his fire; otherwise the animal surely would attack them.

Captain Linscott was of the same opinion. "We had better let that chap alone," he muttered. "Here, Molly, you keep behind me. Let's sheer off."

After sniffing for a few moments the bear snorted and wheeled suddenly; then it started to lumber off across the floes.

Hartley picked up his fox, and they returned to the brig. Something in the way the bear had shambling off reminded them of the shape that they had seen in the moonlight, and finally they concluded that it was the mirage, or "looking," of a white bear crossing the ice fields at a distance. In the log book both Molly and Captain Linscott frankly admit that they had never known or heard that moonlight or aurora light or indeed anything except sunlight would cause a mirage; yet they could think of no other way of explaining the huge vague shape.

During the next few weeks the captain and the rest salvaged a great deal of bone both from the Golden Eagle and from the William Crane. There was now very little daylight, and zero temperature prevailed constantly. During the waning of the moon the nights were dark save for the auroras and for the stars; but frequently the auroras were so

bright that it was practicable to move about without a lantern and to make trips to and from the other ships. Moreover, it is a fact that the eyes of all had become used to the dim light, so much so indeed that the lamplight aboard the brig seemed strangely brilliant and uncomfortable.

All the while they were having trouble with Barkins. One day while they were at the William Crane, Hartley surprised him down in the hold boring a hole through the side with a two-inch auger; his object apparently was to sink the vessel so as to have no more salvage work to do. The man seemed to be vicious and wrong-headed about everything. He remarked to Sam one evening that if he had an ounce of arsenic he would poison everybody aboard the Norcross. Captain Linscott had thought more than once of putting him in irons.

Another cause for worry was the condition of the elder Wallace's feet; they seemed to become no better. He could not take a step, and he suffered a great deal. The poor man needed medical and probably surgical treatment, but doctors and surgeons of course were a long way off.

The Inuit alongshore were still making desultory efforts at getting the timber and the ironwork of the William Crane and the Golden Eagle. Often while Captain Linscott, Hartley Wallace and Dills were passing up "plates" of bone or were hoisting out casks of oil there would be fifteen or twenty Huskies round the vessels. The three men tried their best to keep on as good terms as possible with them. Hartley indeed came to

one was killed. For several days afterwards those aboard the Norcross heard great lamentations ashore. Finally the Huskies drew the body of their unfortunate comrade on a sled four or five miles inland; on the summit of the barren hills they deposited it and built a kind of tomb of flat stones round it.

By the 1st of February a bit of the sun's disk showed in the south again—an event that the Inuit celebrated with shouting, singing and capering. Sam also celebrated it by baking a plum pudding and by bringing on a basket of figs at dinner; Captain Linscott's previous whaling experience in the Arctic had led him to lay in a goodly surplus of food. The elder Wallace, who had been much depressed of late, was carried on deck to catch a glimpse of the returning sun.

For an hour or two that evening singing and the strains of a banjo rose from the Norcross. Happening to go on deck while Molly was playing, Captain Linscott spied a group of Huskies close to the vessel, listening to the lively music.

The captain's birthday was the 12th of February, and oddly enough Mr. Wallace's was the thirteenth. On both days those aboard the brig sat down to the best dinners that Sam could cook; and in the evening Molly and Hartley entertained the others with the banjo and song. In the midst of



The spear passed only a few inches over  
Hartley's head

By C.A.  
Stephens



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN

be well acquainted with numbers of them and addressed them familiarly by name.

"Joe Snooks," the head man among the Point Barrow natives, had formed a strong admiration for Molly and had left several presents for her; among them was an elaborately carved walrus tusk. She accepted all of them good-naturedly and described them in the log book.

The Huskies had found axes and saws aboard the vessels, and one day they tried to cut down the masts of the William Crane. The top-hammer bothered them for a long time; then suddenly all three masts with attached rigging went over the side at once, and three natives were injured, and

the merriment on the second evening Hartley smilingly remarked to Molly that he also was to have a birthday, on the 19th of March. "And when is yours?" he asked.

Molly did not reply at once. "I haven't any—at least, I don't know when it comes," she said quietly.

Hartley looked astonished. Later when he and Captain Linscott were outside together the captain told him of the tragic circumstances of Molly's birth at Hudson Bay and of her mother's death at the hands of the natives.

"Oh, I am sorry I spoke of it!" Hartley exclaimed contritely. "I didn't know."

"Of course not," said the captain. "But I shouldn't mention it again if I were you. It is a sad incident in my niece's life. Her father, Capt. Herbert Linscott, was my younger brother, and he also died before the end of that luckless voyage."

For a week longer the men continued to salvage oil from the Golden Eagle. Every day the sun was rising over the hills, and the sight of it cheered the workers.

By that time the Huskies had found the whale oil in the hold of the William Crane, and every day some of them would go to the vessel for the purpose of drinking it! To see a group of them, men, women and children, crowding round an oil barrel and drinking the rank-smelling stuff from cups and dippers that they had found aboard the ships gave the whites a curious and rather unpleasant feeling.

All the Inuit living in the region of Point Barrow seemed to be camping along the beach opposite where the William Crane was lying; they had built huts partly of ice and partly of boards from the vessels. The Inuit were so good-natured and easy-going that the whites aboard the Norcross were much astonished to find one day that they were quarreling among themselves. The crowd on the beach appeared to be greater than usual, and the captain and Molly, who were on deck, could hear angry shouting and could see several teams of dogs rapidly approaching.

Captain Linscott fetched his marine glass and looked through it. "There's trouble there," he said. "There's fighting."

The captain and Molly continued to watch and to wonder what had caused the commotion. After a time they saw several Huskies whom they knew coming in haste along the beach. Opposite the Norcross they halted, and immediately Joe Snooks and four others came out on the ice.

Joe seemed to be greatly excited; he was shouting hoarsely. The Husky really knew many words in English, but now in his excitement all that he could say was, "Cap'n Linscott! Cap'n Linscott! Tak' goon! Tak' goon!"

"What's the matter, Joe? What do you want a gun for?" the captain asked him.

"Bad man com'! Bad man com'!" said Joe.

At last the captain learned from him that a large number of Huskies from the vicinity of Herschel Island, to eastward, hearing of the abandoned whalers, had come with dog teams in quest of booty. Unlike the Point Barrow Huskies the Inuit from the vicinity of Herschel Island had never been in close contact with whalers or with other whites; in fact, they were savages, and without provocation they had attacked and driven the Point Barrow Huskies from their huts. What Joe wanted was that Captain Linscott, Hartley and Dills should take their guns and shoot the intruders.

Naturally Captain Linscott concluded that the best thing for those aboard the Norcross to do was to take no part in the affair, but since the Herschel Island Inuit had deprived Joe and his people not only of their huts but also of their store of food, he did not object to their helping themselves to what oil was left aboard the Chimborazo. The vessel, after settling two feet deeper into the water, had grounded on the bottom, and the water inside her hull had frozen solid; to get the barrels of oil the Huskies had to cut them free with axes.

The temperature now frequently was forty degrees below zero and often would not rise beyond that mark all day. The stoves in the brig required so much fuel that the men were obliged to draw upon the firewood in the Golden Eagle.

The work was too hard for Barkins. He at once declared that he was ill, and though he had a good appetite he refused to lend a hand at the sledge. Once he quarreled with Joe aboard the

Chimborazo and then went to the Norcross for a gun; but fortunately Captain Linscott had locked up the firearms.

The Herschel Island Inuit were busy getting out what oil was left in the William Crane and were hauling it away on dog sleds. So far none of the newcomers had come close to the Norcross; but one day while Captain Linscott, Hartley and Dills were preparing to fetch a load of wood from the Golden Eagle the captain spied a party of them approaching.

Hartley, who was loading the wood on the sled while Dills and the captain threw it down to him, went forward to meet them. There were seven or eight Huskies, and all were clad in fur parkas with the hoods pulled over their heads. When they were within speaking distance Hartley said, "How do, Huskies," and made a friendly salute with his hand.

To his astonishment one of the party replied in very good English, "Hullo, matey! Wintering up here?"

"You are no native!" Hartley said to him, for he noticed now that the man's face lacked the flat nose and the thick lips of the Inuit. "You have been a sailor, haven't you?"

"Yes, I've been a sailor, if that's any of your business," the fellow replied.

"Oh, no offense," said Hartley. "I was only wondering how you came to speak English so well, and why you are with these Huskies."

"Oh, they're good folks," the man replied in a surly way. "I'd a sight rather live with them than lead the dog's life of a sailor aboard a Hudson's Bay Company's ship. Huskies are a sight better people than whites."

"Oh, all right," said Hartley. "If you like native life, it is no affair of mine of course."

Probably the man was a white or a half-breed who had had a bad experience with his white companions and had turned renegade.

After several more minutes of talk that was not altogether friendly Hartley said, "My name is Hartley Wallace; what shall I call you?"

The fellow stared angrily. "Call me anything you like," he growled. "Call me Tom Tinker if you want to."

"Very good, Mr. Tom Tinker," Hartley said and laughed. "Now what do you want of us?"

"We want to know about that ship which is lying beyond the one you've got boarded up so high."

"How does that vessel concern you?" asked Hartley.

"We want what's aboard her."

"The cargo has already been salvaged," said Hartley.

"My folks think that what's left up here winters belongs to them," said Tinker. "Their shaman tells them so; and I reckon they've got as good right to it as you have—or anybody else," he added.

"Then you had better tell your folks and their shaman that they have no right whatever to these ships nor to anything aboard them," said Hartley. "Tell them also that this is United States territory and that they are trespassing here. Tell them that if they steal property here, the Bear [the United States patrol cruiser] will come up next summer and punish them."

Tom Tinker laughed incredulously. "The Bear won't follow us beyond the boundary," he said. "What we take we can keep, and don't you forget that!"

The Huskies who were with him evidently understood the last remark, for they cried, "Ho, ho!" jeeringly. Two of them had seal spears. Another was curiously ornamented with rosettes sewed up and down the front of his parka and had walrus teeth strung round the skirt of it. Hartley guessed that he might be a shaman.

Hearing the loud voices, Captain Linscott had come on deck. "What do they want?" he shouted.

Hartley turned to reply, when without warning one of the natives who was standing behind several of his companions threw his harpoon. Whether he did it in bravado or with murderous intent is not certain; but it is a fact that the spear passed only a few inches over Hartley's head.

Captain Linscott caught up the carbine and called out to Hartley to run; but, fearing that one of the Huskies might throw another harpoon, the young man kept his face to them and walked backward. At sight of the carbine Tom Tinker and his natives started to move off in the direction of the William Crane.

"Sorry they've got a renegade among them!" Captain Linscott exclaimed. "One scamp of that sort is worse than twenty bad Huskies boiled down into one! Probably this fellow is a sailor who has deserted from his ship on account of some crime."

For four or five more days the three men

continued to fetch firewood from the Golden Eagle, but they went armed and kept a sharp eye on the movements of the Herschel Island Huskies. As nearly as the captain and Hartley could count at a distance there were sixty or sixty-five of them, but whether they possessed firearms neither could determine.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## MOTHER TURNS DETECTIVE *By* Martha King Davis



DRAWN BY E. J. ROSENMEYER

"You don't have to explain, my boy," his mother said in a low, happy voice

"WHAT'S the matter, my boy? Aren't you feeling well?"

"Sure; I'm all right." Donald Wardwell did not look at his mother but bent over his plate and applied his fork vigorously.

"Don't asked Marie Kensington to go to the senior party with him," said his small sister.

"Is that so?" Don glared at her. "Mother," he declared, "Bab gets worse and worse every day. Can't you do anything with her? She sticks her nose into everybody's affairs."

"I never did stick in my nose—so! Your stuck-up old Marie told her chum Rachel, and Rachel told Florence, and Florence told me. There! Did you ever get left?"

"And I suppose you told Florence that I was going with Gray Wentworth," said seventeen-year-old Margaret, complacently patting a wing of hair. "Trust the youngsters to spill the news!"

"I did not tell her! I just said, 'Don't you wish you knew who my sister Margaret is going with?' And Florence guessed and guessed—everybody! Then I said, 'Do you know the color of my mother's best silk dress?' No, sir, I didn't tell her!"

Even Professor Wardwell had to smile. "Never you mind, Barbara," he said; "you just keep your eyes and ears open. How about it, mother?"

But Mrs. Wardwell did not hear; she was watching Don, who was merely pretending to eat his favorite dessert.

Later in the evening as she sat with her basket of mending beside the table in the living room she was still thinking about Don. Her husband was reading from the evening paper. "The Carringtons left yesterday for St. Petersburg," he said.

Mrs. Wardwell did not look up. Boys always ate unless they were sick or troubled. Don wasn't sick. Then what was he troubled about? She thought of his work. She had been so glad when he had gone voluntarily to

help in the Highland Grocery. High-school boys have a good many idle hours, especially on Saturdays. He had done well in the store too; only two weeks ago Mr. Garrison had added another dollar to his wages. And he was doing good work in school—

"What? What did you say, Bradley? Coal? Coal down to twelve-fifty? Oh, listen—there's some one at the door."

And then Professor Wardwell was ushering in—Mr. Garrison! "O dear, it was trouble at the store!" thought Mrs. Wardwell.

At first there was the usual talk of the weather and of affairs about town. At last, "You and the professor alone, Mrs. Wardwell?" the grocer asked.

"Oh, Barbara is in bed, and Don and Margaret always study in their rooms. You wished to see Don?"

"No—oh, no." Mr. Garrison rubbed his hands together. "I just dropped in to talk over a little affair that's happened at the store. Thought I wouldn't say anything about it at first; then I thought parents ought to know everything about their children."

"You never were a parent," thought Don's mother. "Parents sometimes ought to be spared!"

"Ah," said the professor, beaming, "you are quite right, Mr. Garrison."

"I knew you'd feel that way, and I want to say right here I shan't discharge the boy. I always believe in giving a fellow a second chance."

"Will you please tell us about it?" Mrs. Wardwell's voice seemed to be miles away.

"Well, you see I'd promised Major Dillingham a contribution to the hospital fund—met him on the street Monday, and he jolted me about it. So Tuesday morning I did a very unbusinesslike thing, I'll admit; instead of writing a check, I put a bill—ten dollars—into an envelope and asked Don to go round with it to the major's on his way to school. I didn't even address it. I told Don just to tell the major I sent it—he'd understand." Mr. Garrison took out his handkerchief and





wiped his forehead. "Saw Dillingham this morning. Asked him if he got the envelope O. K., and he said no."

"What? What's that?" exclaimed the professor.

"I questioned your boy. He said the envelope was delivered. Stuck to it! I told the major to ask his wife casually if Don had stopped there Tuesday morning. No, she hadn't seen Don in a week, and they're the only ones in the house. I've always thought Don was the soul of honesty. Frankly, I'm puzzled."

Professor Wardwell cleared his throat. "I will ask Don to come here."

His wife sprang to her feet. "I'll get him, Bradley."

She was out of the room before either of the men could speak; but she climbed the stairs slowly. Across her mind flitted a vivid memory. She thought of the time when Don, a little shaver of seven years, had played truant. "Mother, you had better go upstairs," her husband had said. "I shall chastise him severely." It was not fair. Under normal conditions Bradley never took the slightest interest in the children, but let a thing like this—O dear, of course Don had delivered the envelope! What nonsense! Just let her question him a minute.

But for once she found herself against a blank wall. Her appeal, "Don, tell mother all about it," only made him tighten his lips. "I'll go down," he said.

And downstairs he would only reiterate, "I know nothing more about it. I have told Mr. Garrison I will refund the money."

"Donald,"—his mother's voice was low and tense,—"did you deliver the envelope to Major Dillingham?"

He did not look at her. "Why, didn't I tell Mr. Garrison it was delivered?"

Mrs. Wardwell closed her eyes. Major Dillingham was right; he had not received the envelope. Vaguely she heard her husband speaking: "No frivolities, mind! School and work at the store. No parties or anything for two weeks. That will give you a chance to think this thing over."

Don started forward, opened his lips to speak and then, closing them tight, went out of the room.

His mother sighed. And he had asked Marie Kensington to go to the senior party a week from Friday night! Mrs. Wardwell knew that Don had admired Marie for a long time, but he had never before plucked up courage to ask her to go any place with him. How would he ever explain?

Through the long hours of the night Mrs. Wardwell stared wide-eyed into the darkness. She knew by the look in Don's eyes that he had not given the envelope to the major. She was equally certain that Don had not taken the money; he did not need it, and to steal was not his nature. Something had happened to that envelope. But what?

It was Barbara that, unwittingly, gave the first clue. The family were at dinner. Don, silent and morose, was sitting with his eyes on his plate, and Margaret and Barbara, unaware of the family trouble, were talking noisily about the coming party.

"I hope," interrupted the professor stiffly, "you are not expecting your escort to send you flowers, Margaret. The girls of today expect altogether too much—flowers, taxis. It is no wonder that young men are tempted." He glanced at Don. "I am not at all sure I approve of these high-school affairs."

"Oh, what do you think?" exclaimed Barbara. "Ricky Miller is going to take Bertha Mayhew. Think of it—Ricky Miller!"

Don looked up. "Well, what of it? Hasn't he a right to take a girl if he wants to?"

The Millers lived on the opposite side of town. Before the days of prohibition "old man" Miller had been known to spend a good many nights at the station house. Mrs. Miller was a fretful, harassed, overworked woman, and there was a host of little Millers of all ages and sizes. Now and then gossips told stories of the oldest sister,—shoplifting and that kind of thing,—but what could you expect? Ricky, the oldest boy, was sixteen. He was good-natured, freckled-faced and mischievous; Don adored him.

Although Mrs. Wardwell never could quite understand her son's affection for Ricky she had not interfered. She knew that Don had a good influence over the boy. It was Don that had got customers for Ricky's paper route, and it was Don that had helped Ricky with his algebra—in fact, Don had kept Ricky in high school.

"And they say," Barbara continued, "Ricky was in Haynes's buying the swellest pair of patent-leather pumps you ever saw. Where do you suppose he got all the money?"



Mrs. Wardwell looked up just in time to notice that Don was staring at Barbara with a queer expression. To cap the climax he pushed back his chair and with a muttered "Excuse me; I don't want any dessert," hurriedly left the room.

So Ricky Miller had something to do with that envelope!

The probability danced before mother's eyes as she served the tapioca pudding. Had Don given him the money? No, of course not! She thought of the scene with Mr. Garrison. "The envelope was delivered." Suddenly she sank back in her chair. Was delivered! Why, of course—delivered by Ricky Miller!

After dinner she rapped at the door of Don's room. He was seated beside the table; his books were open, but she knew that he was not studying. "Why did you give Mr. Garrison's envelope to Ricky Miller to deliver?" she asked.

He started. "What? How—how do you know—" He paused and twisted a pencil nervously. "I didn't know the envelope was important. Mr. Garrison just handed it out and said, 'Say, leave this at Major Dillingham's; he'll understand.' Well, Ricky went along with me, and then"—he colored—"there was Marie Kensington ahead of us alone, and I asked Ricky to take the envelope over and leave it at Dillingham's. Never gave it another thought till all this fuss. Then I asked Rick, careless like, 'cause I didn't want him to suspect anything,—he's awful sensitive,—and he said he'd delivered it. And I believe him!"

His mother shook her head. "You shouldn't have been so careless. But why don't you tell Mr. Garrison that you gave it to Ricky?"

He stared at her. "Tell Mr. Garrison and have him jump on Rick? I guess not! Of course he'd say Rick stole it; the poor guy wouldn't have a look-in. No, sir! I'd rather take the whole blame."

His mother felt a warm little thrill. "Well, of course it's up to you. I wish we could find out."

"I know he delivered it," Don repeated doggedly. "Something must have happened."

Yes, but what? How Mrs. Wardwell wished that she might run over to the Dillinghams and ask a plain question: "Did Ricky Miller leave an envelope here Tuesday morning?" But she couldn't do that. It was not the proper time to bring suspicion and distrust upon the boy. "Dear me!" she thought. "I'm ashamed of myself that I haven't the faith in him that Don has!"

The next afternoon she went to a meeting of the Ladies' Aid. Though she was early, there was another arrival in the sewing room, and she felt an odd little sensation as she realized that it was Minnie Dillingham. People had said of the major's plump little wife, "If the Lord only had given her a brain as large as her heart!" But mother—and everyone—loved Minnie, even if she did sometimes do foolish, quixotic things.

"Well, Jane, how are you? And how's the dear professor? I met Barbara on the street the other day. My, how that child has grown!"

"Yes, indeed, Barbara is getting to be a big girl."

"They must keep you busy—five in the family. I don't see how you manage, Jane, and you do bring the children up so well. I've often said to the major, 'Jane Wardwell ought to be mother to all the children in town; she just understands them.' Poor kiddies, how often they're misjudged. Jane," she continued, leaning closer, "I made a mistake, but I'm going to make it right. Oh, here's Mrs. Mayhew!"

A mistake! Mother's heart gave a jump. Could it be about the envelope?

But not another opportunity did she get all the afternoon to speak with Minnie alone. She was thoughtful. She simply must find out! Ah, she knew a way! As she was putting on her coat to go she stopped by Mrs. Dillingham's chair. "Minnie, you remember the crocheted edge you did on those bath towels? You said you'd show me the pattern. Do you suppose if I came over tomorrow afternoon—"

Minnie beamed delightedly. "Do come, Jane. I'd love to show you."

"It won't amount to anything; I know it won't," Mrs. Wardwell thought the next day as she turned in at the Dillingham gate. "But I can't afford to overlook anything that might possibly lead to a clue."

And then she almost collapsed, for in answer to her ring who should open the door but Ricky Miller's oldest sister!

As Don's mother sat waiting for Mrs. Dillingham her thoughts were chaotic. Why,

that girl had worked for Minnie several months ago; then she had suddenly stopped, and Minnie had been without help ever since. Had the girl been working there last Tuesday, when Ricky delivered the envelope?

"Minnie, when did the Miller girl come to work for you?" Mrs. Wardwell asked a few minutes later.

"When? Day before yesterday."

Thursday! Mother's heart sank.

"That's what I started to tell you about yesterday, Jane," Minnie said nervously. "You remember she worked for me several months ago. I had her come; it was much against the major's wishes, but I didn't believe the stories, and I thought I might do something for her. She did real well. Then, Jane, a ten-dollar bill disappeared. It was partly my fault; I'd no business leaving it there on my dresser. I never said a word to her about it, and I didn't tell the major. I just said I'd decided to try and get on alone for a while."

Mrs. Wardwell leaned forward.

"Jane! Tuesday morning the most wonderful thing happened! The bell rang, and I went to the door, and there stood Ricky Miller with an envelope. He mumbled something—I didn't quite catch what. But, O Jane Wardwell, what do you think? There wasn't a scrap of writing in that envelope, but there was—a ten-dollar bill!"

Minnie took off her glasses and wiped her eyes. "I sat right down and cried. How that poor girl must have worked to save it! I wrote to her, but I didn't say a word about her returning the money. I told her that I wanted her to come back and that I'd do everything in my power to help her. So she came, and she's a changed girl, Jane. She acts so grateful and subdued like. I know she's going to make good. I haven't told the major

anything about it, and I don't intend to. What he doesn't know won't hurt him."

After dinner that evening Mrs. Wardwell went up to Don's room. She found him, pen in hand, doubled over a sheet of note paper. He looked up, and there was utter despair in his eyes. "This thing may seem funny," he said, "but I'd like to know how I'm going to explain to Marie Kensington that I can't take her to the senior party."

"You don't have to explain, my boy," his mother said in a low, happy voice. "You're going to take her!"

"What?"

"It's all right, Don." And, sitting down on the foot of the bed, she told him what she had learned.

At the end he walked over to the window. "I knew that Rick's sister had gone back to work at Dillingham's. He told me she showed him the letter she had from Mrs. Dillingham. It was a dandy, and he said his sister was all cut up about it and was going to try and make good. Rick's awful glad." Don drew a long breath. "I knew Rick was all right."

Mother waited a moment. "And now," she said, "we'll tell Mr. Garrison."

Don scowled thoughtfully. "Y-e-s, we might tell Mr. Garrison, and he can tell the major that everything's all right, but he needn't explain the details. We'll let Mrs. Dillingham believe the girl sent the money, though I'm not sure she took it in the first place."

"But the ten dollars—Mr. Garrison—"

"Oh, I'll pay it. I already have paid it. I ought to, because I'd no right giving the envelope to Rick. But it's sure worth ten dollars if Rick's sister makes good. Mrs. Dillingham will do a lot for her. Say," he added, "it's mighty tough on fellows and girls who don't have the right kind of mothers!"

## FRIENDS SO LIKE OURSELVES Part Two By Wolcott LeClair Beard

IN the days when as a newly graduated engineer I was sent to southwestern Arizona the region still was the Wild West. To be sure it was not the Wild West of the dime novels, because there never was such a place, but it was quite wild enough to satisfy any reasonable person. It was in some crack of the volcanic slag cliffs of the Rio Gila that Cupid was born. He and his kind exist, I believe, in no other locality. He is the only poisonous lizard on earth. Some naturalists, for want of sufficient evidence, doubt whether he is poisonous. But they need not doubt; he is poisonous. *Heloderma suspectum* is the name by which they have christened him. But those who are best acquainted with him in his own home call him the "Gila monster."

A wild barking of dogs announced Cupid's arrival in camp early one morning, and when

we ran out to see what the excitement was about we found him standing at bay in the middle of a circle that the dogs had formed. He was in no great danger. Whatever opinions naturalists may hold as to the bite of a Gila monster, the dogs, never having read the opinions, entertained no doubt whatsoever. Their circle was of ample diameter. Glad that our arrival had relieved them of the necessity for deciding what to do next, they retired about their personal affairs. Between us we pinned the lizard's neck with a forked arrow-wood and, looping a string round his body, deposited him in an empty barrel. Then and there we named him Cupid because the name was so strikingly inappropriate.

Even in his own habitat the Gila monster is not common. Our ignorance of Cupid's more intimate ways therefore was pardonable. We



How, thus laden, she ever got out through the broken windowpane I don't know



had heard, however, that Gila monsters live on eggs,—wild birds' eggs, of course,—and so one of my rodmen fetched a hen's egg and started to place it in the barrel. Hissing like an angry cat, Cupid sprang at him; the creature's mouth, lined with black that shaded into violet down his throat, was open wide. Compared with other lizards, the Gila monster is not quick; nevertheless, his movements are quicker than ours.

The rodman pulled his hand away only just in time. The egg, falling on Cupid's back, rolled unbroken on the bottom of the barrel. Like the sensible creature that he was, Cupid at once transferred his attack to the egg; but it was too big; he could not get a hold upon it with his jaws, and for some reason that I could not learn he took pains to prevent its rolling against the side of the barrel. By using the piece of arrow-weed as if it were a cue I tried to break the egg. Instantly he caught the weed in his jaws and startled me so that I almost pulled him out among us. I succeeded in jamming him back and in doing it smashed the egg. He ate it and for the time was content.

Two days later we gave him another egg; this time we dropped it so that it broke of its own accord. At the end of the week we offered a third egg, which he tasted languidly but would not eat. His attitude troubled us. We knew that he did not object to the quality of the egg; he was not particular. Something was wrong.

For some time we debated the subject of what he needed; then some one with more acuteness than the rest of us suggested water. Until then it had not occurred to us that, although no other lizard in that arid country has need of water, Cupid and his kind are never to be found far from the river. So we poured water over him, and some of it fell into the hollow of a broken eggshell; he drank greedily and then ate his semiweekly meal. From that time he recognized us as friends. Cupid had brains.

#### CUPID AND MOSES

A Gila monster, it is true, does not have poison fangs and sacs like those of a snake. It is probably the saliva that is so poisonous. None of us doubted that it was poisonous; we knew better. We had seen a cowboy whose arm was withered from the bite of a Gila monster that he had thought was dead. Moreover, the rodman at whom Cupid had hissed found that in the confined space of the barrel the spray from the lizard's mouth had raised a rash on his arm where the skin was tender.

Cupid was not a large specimen of his kind; he was only about fifteen inches long. When he had first sloughed his old skin his coloring was beautiful; it was deep black flecked with rich crimson. Later the color faded. At all times the rest of his body was hideous enough to warrant the worst that you could say of him. But though had he chosen he could have been as dangerous as his appearance suggested, he never did choose. Why antagonize those who spared him from having to hustle for the necessities of life?

In a downriver camp where Cupid lived some time later his master, a draftsman, usually kept him tied to one leg of a drawing table. If he got in the way, the draftsman would push him to one side as unconcernedly as he would push a kitten, though first perhaps he would scratch the lizard's back with the point of a pencil—an act that Cupid would enjoy as a cat enjoys being stroked, and would show his pleasure in much the same way, except of course that he did not purr.

There was a reason why we could not keep Cupid at the home camp. However good Cupid's will might be toward his human friends, he and Moses never agreed; and Moses was so helpless when he first came to us.

Our headquarters camp, some fifteen hundred strong, was called Damsite and was situated at the mouth of the Oatman Cañon, but our works extended over the broad, downriver flats for many miles. Saguaro cacti, like great green candelabra forty feet high or more, dotted the flats. As I was riding

Cupid and the egg



past one of the cacti an eagle flew out of it. I was watching it when one of my party, who was sitting in the four-horse wagon, pointed excitedly to the cactus. Then I saw a little head peering curiously at us from over the side of what looked like a bunch of sticks behind one of the branches. We could not climb the cactus; it was covered with four-inch spines. Before I could prevent, one of the men felled it with two or three strokes of an axe. Then for the first time we saw that within the nest—for a nest the bunch of sticks was—there were two fledglings. One was dead. The other, he who had looked at us, opened a cavernous mouth and observed, "Jark!" That was Moses. He was far too young to fear us, but even his best friends would hardly maintain that he was "a pretty baby." He was perhaps the size of a half-grown chicken, and his body was sparsely covered with grayish down. Otherwise he was all mouth and voice and stomach. Promptly he opened the first and uplifted the second in a strident demand that the third be filled.

What sort of food Moses was supposed to eat at his tender age none of us could say. Some one suggested a hard-boiled egg. The experiment seemed to be worth trying; so we took a hard-boiled egg from the lunch that our Chinese cooks had provided and in large lumps inserted it into that clamorous mouth. The experiment was successful; you might almost have thought that the fledgling's mother had reared him on hard-boiled eggs. Having finished it, he went to sleep, and we put him into a barley sack for safe-keeping until we could take him home at the end of our day's work.

With never a day of illness Moses grew and prospered. But sometimes it seemed as if he would not long continue to prosper, for young as he was he entertained certain racial animosities, and he did not care who knew that he did. While his body was still downy and just a few quills were beginning to sprout and his legs still were so weak that he had to shuffle along on his hocks some one caught a rattlesnake almost five feet long and by way of a joke led it by means of a string round its neck past our little office building on the edge of the cliff. How Moses became aware of the snake I never knew; he was not where he could see it. Nevertheless, before anyone could stop him he was shuffling along toward it, squealing with rage; he was as full of fight as a gamecock. We grabbed him just in time.

The way in which eagles are said to kill snakes is to seize them and carry them up for half a mile or so and then let them fall. Moses of course could not have flown an inch to save his life; his wings looked as much like the wings of a chicken just before it is singled for roasting as like anything else. But the size of his wings made no difference to him; he had intended to kill that snake or know the reason why. And he felt the same way toward Cupid; for that reason we sent Cupid away.

We restrained Moses when he tried to take an active part in those family feuds of his, but that was the only restraint which he ever knew. Almost at once we had substituted a diet of raw beef for the egg, but he preferred lizards, with which the deserts abounded. His liking for lizards led to a novel sort of courting that amused us all for a time. When his wings were fairly well grown, but not enough so that he could fly, they enabled him to run at astonishing speed. There was a certain kind of gray lizard called a swift that lived well up to its name. From his

perch on somebody's wrist Moses would spy a swift and instantly would start in hot pursuit. We would gallop after them. The swift would make itself look like a long gray streak, and when at last Moses was obliged to abandon the chase he would return and, shrieking his disgust, would perch upon some saddle horn to try again. As the sport pleased Moses and us and did not hurt the swift, it would be hard to imagine anything more harmless.

After Moses had attained his full powers of flight and was able to catch lizards he never would catch them if he could get some one to do it for him. He might be a tiny speck so high in the air as to be unrecognizable even as a bird; yet his telescopic eyes could instantly distinguish a man with a stick. If he spied the stick, he would swoop down much faster than anything could fall and would alight like a feather on the man's wrist or would follow with his peculiar "hoppity-go-fetchity" gait along the ground and patiently wait for the lizards that he knew the stick might kill for him.

He was beautiful in his sleek coat of brown and gray. Exactly what kind of eagle he was none of us knew; his most distinctive mark was the membrane at the base of his upper mandible, which was bright pea green.

There was nothing to make Moses stay with us save the fact that we were his friends, and he loved us. I think he loved me better than anyone else, and I have often wondered if, had I not gone away, he would not have stayed even though in his second year he found a mate. But illness sent me to Los Angeles, and in my absence he left the camp. Once more I saw him. He followed my horse almost all of the eleven miles between Damsite and the nearest railway station; he perched on each cactus that we passed and answered me when I called. But all the time his wife never ceased her anxious scolding, and so finally, like many another husband, he yielded to her clamor and left me for the last time.

There is a long journey between the scene of my acquaintance with Moses and that of my acquaintance with Bridget; so I yield to temptation and stop for a moment on the way to relate another episode. People frequently say that hornets are able to reason.



Moses pursues the lizard

Few of us care to test the truth of the assertion by studying them when they are at liberty and in full possession of their faculties. Once, however, I witnessed an incident that seems to bear out the statement even though the reasoning was fallacious. It was at the foot of the eastern slope of the Andes, in Bolivia, when wandering through the woods with a companion, that I saw a bigger hornet's nest than I would have thought existed. I am afraid to guess how big it was, and I did not measure it. We watched it for a moment; then before I could stop him my companion raised his rifle and fired a shot right through it. He wanted, as he afterwards explained, "to see what the hornets would do." I knew what they would probably do and turned to run; but my fears were needless. The hornets came out of the nest and flew in a furious, buzzing, sunlit stream; but

it was not toward us that they flew. They were after the bullet that had attacked their house and then had flown away! They intended to catch it and punish it and did not intend to stop until they had succeeded. I doubt whether they ever did succeed; when they started in pursuit the bullet was traveling approximately at the rate of eight hundred yards a second. But they still were trying to catch it when we left them.

Asiatic cholera was raging in the Philippine province of which I had charge; medicines and disinfectants were exhausted, and people were dying like flies. The only way to sterilize a house was to burn it, and I ordered them burned by scores. On the veranda of one of those that already were on fire a monkey was fastened. She was crying mournfully. I had her loosened and brought to me; she called me names in her own tongue and clung to my horse's mane. He objected, and the circumstance pleased her so much that she behaved herself well as she rode before me back to headquarters. Afterwards she accepted a banana. That was Bridget.

#### BRIDGET, THE MONKEY

Soon we became the best of friends. Never have I known a monkey more affectionate than she, and I have known few that were more intelligent. When she was in trouble, which was pretty much all of the time, she would put her arms round your neck and try her best to tell you about it. Usually she succeeded in a great measure. Bridget's conscience, like so many of our consciences, was aroused only when her evildoing was likely to be detected, so that when she made her confidences we would investigate her late doings—and the investigations usually brought results. Sometimes, however, Bridget would betray herself. For example, once when there was a pane of glass broken out of the door of the pantry she sneaked in, found the lump sugar and then, filling the pouches of her cheeks, grasped all that she could in both hands. How, thus laden, she ever got out through the broken windowpane I don't know; but she did get out, and, if she had remained silent then, all would have gone well with her. But, running on her hind legs back toward her bamboo perch, she yelled with fear of a whipping—which then was promptly administered.

If imitation is indeed the most sincere flattery, Bridget was second to none as a flatterer. On one occasion her efforts very nearly deprived us of her companionship. On the veranda at headquarters was a pail of dilute carbolic acid, into which everyone who came or went was required to dip his hands and rub them over his face as an added precaution against the terrible epidemic. Bridget saw us doing it, and a spirit of emulation filled her small breast. To reach the pail was impossible; her tether was too short, and she had not then learned to undo it. But some one had carelessly left a jar of concentrated acid within her reach; so she used it instead. She was terribly burned of course, and for a long time she lay as helpless as a sick child and was as grateful as a child could be for what we did for her. At last the skin of her hands and of the top of her head came off like gloves and a wig, and Bridget was herself again.

I could tell many tales of Bridget. Had I been able to manage, she would be with me still; but when I was ordered home the authorities, on account of an epidemic that affected cattle and horses, would allow no animal to leave the islands. So I bade her a sorrowful and final farewell and gave her into the care of my personal servant, whom I was even more sorry to leave.

Bridget of course was more obviously human in her traits than most other animals are; the fact is characteristic of monkeys. But most animals are filled with what we erroneously call "human nature." Once I knew an old man who lived alone in the woods; he was a hermit, though he never would have called himself that. He was an extraordinarily close observer of animal life. "It ain't becuz animals cayn't," he used to say; "it's becuz they don't care a whoop!" By the words he meant what my father





expressed more clearly in others: "Animals have far more intelligence than most of us give them credit for having. But we do not always realize that their intelligence, like ours, lies along the lines of their special needs and

interests, and of course it's only rarely that their interests and ours are the same." Just keep that precept in mind, you who care for animals, and see how much better you will understand them.

## ANNA'S BUSINESS VENTURE

By  
Lillian Grace  
Copp

"THE worst of it, Anna, is that you will have to stay alone for the rest of the school year." Mrs. Marston's voice was worried as she hastily crowded the last necessary things into an already overfilled traveling bag.

"No, that isn't the worst of it, auntie!" Anna Davis replied as she brought a twin and a coat together with a practiced hand. "The worst of it is that you have to keep right on paying fifty dollars a month for the rent of this apartment during the four months that the doctor says you will have to be in Brooklyn. With Uncle Amos there in the hospital and with your own and the twins' board to pay—well, you simply can't afford it!"

"But we have to have a home when Amos does come back. Now that apartments are so hard to get, I don't dare give this one up—even if I had time to put the things in storage."

"You could sublet it, and I could get a room nearer the college," Anna paused in the act of pushing a hat down on the other twin's mop of hair.

"I couldn't, for no one would take such a shabbily furnished apartment. We'll worry along some way; that is what we have always done. Amos is always getting hurt or changing his position. If he only had never left Boston and gone to Brooklyn as yardmaster! Well, there isn't any use in talking about what might have been; we have to take what is and let it go at that. I'm thankful the company is to pay the doctor's bills, and it's providential that I haven't spent a cent of Amos's last month's pay, or I wouldn't have a penny with which to pay our fares. You know the doctor says Amos will never get well unless he has me with him."

Anna nodded. "If we could get started in the right direction just once I know we could keep on going, but it looks as if we'd never get the start." Aunt Molly continued to talk in a semi-pathetic, semi-resigned tone that was a bit depressing. "There's the taxi!" she interrupted herself to explain. "Now don't give up and go home just because you are left here in this apartment, Anna. You will be safe enough. I'll write as soon as we get there."

Anna marshaled the twins out to the waiting taxicab, and Aunt Molly, laden with baggage, followed. The girl watched the automobile speed away; then she returned to the suite, which without Aunt Molly's usually cheerful presence seemed empty and dismal.

Anna thought of many things in the first rush of loneliness. Had it not been for Aunt Molly's generosity in offering her a home throughout the school year, the opportunity for a course in business training probably would not have come to her; since the expense of room and laundry was thus provided for, her father had been willing to pay the other expenses. For four months the plan had worked well—and then Uncle Amos's accident! Anna bit her lips. Aunt Molly was dear

and sweet and generous, but she lacked the initiative that her own mother would have asserted in similar circumstances; she would have furnished the apartment and have filled it with roomers, even if her husband's frequent changes did keep the finances at a painfully low ebb. It was only the payment for her niece's meals that had enabled Aunt Molly to squeeze through the hard pinches between pay envelopes. Now without Amos's money and alone in a strange city, what would she do? Anna frowned. "She said that if something would start them in the right direction, they would keep on going. If something only would! I wish I knew what to do."

She leaned against the side of the door

and she paused and then continued impulsively: "I'll go through the rooms, decide on the changes necessary and determine how much it will cost; then I'll go to Professor Walker and ask him to recommend me for one of the positions listed on the bulletin board. If I can earn my own expenses and save twenty-five dollars out of the check I'll get through."

If Anna's mother had seen her daughter's firmly closed mouth at that moment she would have nodded her head in hearty approval. When the girl's chin squared and a look of determination flashed in her gray eyes she was pretty sure to march unswervingly toward her goal.

Five minutes later she stood in the small room opening off the kitchen; Aunt Molly had given it to the twins for a play room. "This is altogether too small for a bedroom, so I'll pull auntie's sewing machine in here, use the kitchen table for a cutting table and empty that old-fashioned chest of the twins' playthings—the new tenants can have it for a piece box. With a chair and an inexpensive drape for the window this room will make a charming sewing room. Who wants a rug to catch every thread and snipping of cloth?"

She went from room to room and scrutinized each in turn. Why hadn't her aunt seen the possibilities of the apartment? Anna's eyes brightened wonderfully. "Why, I shan't

with ordinary usage," the salesman assured her and showed the guaranty mark on the back.

Anna blithely gave him her name and address and then watched as he tied the "sold" tag to one end.

It took longer to decide on the covering for the long, narrow hall. The man was so much interested and so eager to be of assistance that Anna said to him impulsively, "I want to get what will be best, for I am doing this on my own responsibility. My aunt was suddenly called away, and I am getting her apartment ready to sublet."

"To sublet? Will you tell me about it? Is it engaged yet?" There was an eager note in the man's tone as he asked the questions.

"The house is on a side hill, and from the great bow window in the front parlor, you can look in one direction straight down upon three streets; in the opposite direction you can see two. It isn't in a fashionable locality, but it's just a short distance from the exclusive section."

"And it isn't engaged?"

"Not yet, but I hope it will be soon. There are six large, sunny rooms with three open fireplaces, and all the floors except those in the parlors and in the hall are hard wood. And there is the dearest mantel over the bricked-in fireplace in the dining room—"

"What is the price?" The salesman was standing rigid; the small Axminster rug that he had been showing was hanging limply from his hand.

"Seventy-five dollars a month." Anna knew that furnished apartments would sublet at fifty per cent above the renting price.

"Would it be possible for me to see it this afternoon or in the morning? My name is Hillman. I live in Woburn, and the trip back and forth makes my day too hard. I have been trying to rent a furnished apartment for the winter. From your description I think yours is about what my wife and I need. We should want to take immediate possession."

For just a second Anna hesitated. She had no room, no work engaged, and Monday was so near. In the next second she made her decision. "If you will send the rugs and the covering for the hall floor so they will reach the house this afternoon, the apartment will be ready for inspection in the morning—"

"I'll mark them rush and send them out special this morning," he interrupted her. "Why don't you decide on a plain, dark linoleum for the hall and then have a small rug to place near the door?" With interest as keen as Anna's he showed her a beautiful plain linoleum that you could hardly distinguish from hard wood.

Anna liked it at once. When she left the department a few minutes later she had bargained for goods that required only fifty dollars from the uncashed check. Her pulses were tingling joyously; she knew that she could afford the dishes, a big comfortable rattan chair, a bed couch for the back parlor and perhaps also a dresser.

During the next hour she scurried breathlessly through the different departments and then took time to dash over to the bank to convert the check into currency.

Back at the apartment she made a hasty lunch from what had been left over, and while she ate she thought of her purchases. "That fifty-piece set of dishes for seven dollars was a bargain, and I saved enough on the chair and dresser to get the material for five pairs of curtains and a little table. If the Hillmans should get here this afternoon, I'll have things in good-enough shape so that they can easily imagine how the apartment will look when the work is done; but, O dear, I shall have to work all night! If I could only have found a place for myself before subletting, but in any business venture unexpected developments are sure to arise, and sometimes you have to decide things in a flash. I am glad that I did it; I can get along, and I just know that Professor Walker will recommend me for some kind of work the minute I ask him."

As soon as she had finished her luncheon she began to arrange some of the things that already were in the apartment. By four o'clock the last of her purchases arrived. She moved the rug and the chair from the front parlor to the back parlor; when she had pushed the bed couch against the wall and,



"Will you tell me about it? Is it engaged yet?"



need more than one hundred dollars! I'll take that shabby old rug out of the front parlor, put it into the back parlor and buy a new rug for the front room. I'll have to get a rug for the dining room and a covering for the hall. Then there will have to be dishes; auntie hasn't six pieces of one pattern in her closet. However, there are sales, plenty of them, and they are what is going to make this venture possible. In three days this apartment will be ready to sublet. Of all the lucky things, this is Saturday, and I am free from college until Monday! Oh, I'll know a lot more about bargain sales tonight than I knew before!"

The girl's feet touched the sidewalk lightly as she hurried down to the shopping district. And as the obliging salesman, attracted by her enthusiasm, called her attention to the best bargain of the day—a tapestry Brussels in the exact size wanted, for just \$19.95—her breath came in little gasps. "The colors are perfect for the room," she thought. Then her glance rested admiringly on the floral design in tan and brown with a tracing of old red and a soft shade of green. She lifted one corner. "Of course it is frightfully light weight, as you'd expect it to be at that price," she said, "but it will be good for a year."

"We guarantee them to wear three years

after covering it with a heavy portière, had moved a small table to the centre of the floor she found that the room looked astonishingly different.

By half past six every muscle in her body was aching and her nerves were on edge. She was regarding the linoleum critically and was wondering how she ever should lay it, when the bell rang shrilly. "Who is it?" she called rather wearily through the tube.

"Your new tenant," came the friendly voice of the salesman. "I telephoned to my wife to meet me in town so we could come straight from the store."

Anna gave a quick, startled glance round as she released the catch on the door. "If they only have enough imagination to picture the house as it will look when everything is settled! If they don't—" She left the sentence unfinished and hastened to open the door.

As Mr. and Mrs. Hillman went from room to room Anna laid great emphasis on the view from the windows, on the open fireplaces and finally on the charming little sewing room.

"It is exactly what we need," Mrs. Hillman said to her husband. "We can rent a piano here in town, so that Bobby and Helen can keep on with their lessons. We'll put it here!" She pointed to one corner of the living room. "And we'll bring out some things from home, little things just to make the apartment seem more truly our own. That you want to sublet it for only four months, Miss Davis, is a great thing in its favor; we shall want to return to our own home in May."

Anna could only nod; she was speechless with joy.

While Mrs. Hillman was talking with the girl her husband removed his coat and, picking up the roll of linoleum, prepared to lay it. "We'll enjoy our home all the more for having had a hand in the settling," he said quietly.

Mrs. Hillman looked at the dark shadows under Anna's gray eyes, and suddenly she realized that the girl must have had a strenuous day. "Let's make a party of it!" she exclaimed. "You order something hot sent in for our supper, and we'll stay until the last train. My mother is with the children, and there won't be a thing to worry over."

For three hours they worked and chatted and laughed, and Anna was sure that she was making the first real friends she had made since coming to the city. Before the Hillmans said good-by Mr. Hillman wrote his check for seventy-five dollars and made it payable to Mrs. Amos Marston, and as Anna accepted it she assured them that except for the draperies, which she would have to make after school during the coming week, the apartment would be ready for them on Monday. "I'll pack my trunk tomorrow and send for it either late Monday afternoon or early Tuesday morning," she concluded, without having revealed that she had no idea where she could find a room or that she had only twenty-five dollars in the world.

Anna was at college early on Monday morning and counted herself lucky because she had to wait only five minutes before being admitted to Professor Walker's office.

"Is it absolutely necessary that you find work at once?" he asked, for he had not failed to notice the urgent tone of her application.

"It certainly is. I noticed that a Mrs. Adams who is listed on the bulletin board wants a girl to help before and after school hours in exchange for her board. If you would recommend me, I might get the place this morning directly after class. Then I could send for my trunk and have it out of the way of my aunt's new tenants. They want to be fairly well settled by tonight."

Professor Walker looked at her keenly. "How does it happen that your aunt sublet her apartment without first providing a place for you?"

"My aunt didn't sublet it. She doesn't even know that her apartment is rented, but the letter telling her and inclosing the check for the first month's rent ought to reach her this morning."

Then because the professor's eyes were kindly as well as keen, and because his interest was genuine, Anna told him of her uncle's habit of changing from one job to another, of her Aunt Molly's habit of submitting to whatever he did, and then of his accident. Finally she spoke of her aunt's firm belief that if things were once started in the right direction they would continue to go satisfactorily. "I just had to do it," Anna declared. "My aunt is a dear, but she always has to have some one to take the lead in doing things. Besides, I thought that if Aunt Molly knew that I had to earn my own way she would be encouraged to find some work by means of which she could pay her own and the twins' board. And last of all I couldn't

let her come back to face that needless debt of two hundred dollars. So I—" The professor's searching look caused her to stop in the middle of the sentence; she was suddenly aware that she was revealing more than was necessary to win his recommendation.

But when he spoke she knew that she had interpreted his glance incorrectly. "You don't want to go to Mrs. Adams," he said. "You want to come to me four hours every day as my assistant; we can arrange the time, I think. The salary will enable you to get board at the Y. W. C. A. The work won't be easy, but it will be instructive and should

enable you to keep right on making successful business deals." His eyes twinkled; then he asked soberly: "Do you accept?"

"Do I?" Anna answered enthusiastically. "Why, if I work for you and board at the Y. W. C. A., I can write and tell my mother all about it; she will be willing to let me stay here even without Aunt Molly. It's wonderful, but it doesn't seem right; I started out to help Aunt Molly but have helped myself most of all."

"That is what usually results from unselfish effort," the professor said and smiled into the puzzled gray eyes understandingly.

## BLACK EAGLES AND WHITE

By Archibald Rutledge

DRAWN BY A. O. SCOTT



"He is better than a light," said Charley

### Chapter Ten

#### A letter from the company

**S**HORTLY after the lighthouse tender stood to between Peace Cove and Anchor Sound we went ashore and brought Peter Benchner aboard and turned him over to Capt. Thomas Hale.

The ship's officer appeared anxious to start. "On account of the tide," he said, "we'll have to run outside all the way after we leave Romain; and I have to put in at Morris Island Light before returning to the city tonight. But this matter of your friend troubles me. Can we help you in any way?"

I thanked him for his kindness, but told him that I did not see how he could give us any assistance.

"Captain Svensen will be leaving you too," he reminded me.

"I'll tell you, captain," I said; "let me anchor my sloop here and get that small boat out of her hold. Then if you don't mind going as far back as the Santee you could tow our little boat and drop us there."

He readily agreed to the suggestion, and I boarded the Waban. Poling her toward the shore, I anchored her and got the small craft overboard; then I went ashore for Charley, who, immensely relieved by the departure of Benchner, was setting the camp to rights. "Come along, Charley," I said. "We are going to find Jim Rawlins."

"Cap'n, ain't I done better bring Trigger?" he asked, looking down at the hound.

"Yes, bring him; he might come in handy."

As soon as we were aboard the tender the craft began to steam back toward the Santee. The crew were interested in Charley's dog; but he was interested in no one except Charley. Thinking of the promise that I had made to Lou Sands concerning the hound, I could not help feeling sorry for the man and also for Benchner. But theirs was a case in which justice alone should rule.

"Some of you men will probably be called to the city to testify in this case," Captain Hale said to me. "I have all your names, and you will be duly notified. For the present, however, all that I am going to require officially of you is that you eat dinner with me."

By the time dinner was over we were again in the Narrows; and there I asked the captain to drop us. Then Lee and I tried to express our thanks to him and to the keeper of Romain Light.

"Just one thing," said Captain Svensen as we were climbing over the side of the tender into our small boat. "I hate to see the white eagle killed." He paused for a moment as if seeking words to express his thoughts. Suddenly he pointed to the flag that was drooping gracefully at the sternpost of the tender. "See there," he said, and his face had brightened. "We work for that; we live for that, our country's flag. And the eagle—he is the emblem too."

As soon as Lee and Charley Snow and I were in our small boat, into which we had crowded our unwilling hound, the powerful gray craft drew swiftly away from us. Before we reached the Santee she had left the river and was rounding the north end of Lesane

Island. We rowed on until we came to the mouth of Alligator Creek; it was somewhat above that place that Jim Rawlins had taken his desperate plunge from the deck of the Waban.

"There's no use in our searching the river as yet," I said; "what we want to find out is whether Jim came ashore. Charley, I'm going to put you and your dog out here on the edge of Romney Marsh. Follow the edge for half a mile and look for tracks. Lee, you and I will tie the boat here and follow the river down for a mile. And, Charley," I added, "we meet here again in about an hour. Let us know if you come across anything."

The rain, which had begun earlier in the day, was still falling gently; it veiled the dark river, shrouded its shores and completely obscured the ocean. I admit that to me the chance of Jim's having reached shore appeared slight indeed; and, granted that he had reached it, he had had almost a whole day in which to find our camp.

We saw all manner of trails entering the marsh, from the narrow, trim roadway of the brown mink to the wide ponderously mashed swath of the bull alligator. But no track of man did we see; and the farther away we drew from the mouth of Alligator Creek, the deeper my conviction became that Jim Rawlins had never come ashore. We might find him; but we should find only his body—washed by the tide on the front beach of Lesane Island. But, though our hearts were heavy with fear, we plodded on in silence through the mist and rain.

Suddenly far behind us up the river we heard the resonant heavy baying of the hound. A moment later a shout from Charley came faintly to us. Instantly we turned and began hurriedly to retrace our steps. The going was slippery, and an early twilight was already gathering. But in spite of the treacherous footing and the strange dimness that was beginning to shroud the gloomy marsh and the wide reaches of the great river, we made fast time. In our boat we quickly crossed Alligator Creek; then, hastily tying it, we began to run along the edge of Romney Marsh.

Soon we were within sight of Charley, who began to beckon excitedly to us. He was holding the hound, which appeared to be eager to take a trail. "Cap'n Jim done come ashore hyar," the negro announced, pointing to deep tracks on the edge of the marshland. There were other tracks on the slope, but the tide had almost obliterated them.

"He's safe!" Lee exclaimed. "He swam ashore. I always said that he could outswim me; I could never have done it."

"He done gone in the marsh," said Charley. "Your dog seems to think the trail is fresh," I said.

"No, sah; but he will run people's feet tracks," Charley answered with a smile.

I was greatly concerned to see that Jim's trail led straight into the formidable marsh; in that dense wilderness of reeds and those interminable bogs a man might easily become lost.

"Let us follow," said Lee impatiently.

"Let us call first," I suggested. "Charley, see if you can't reach him."

The negro sent a far-penetrating, melodious shout trembling across the marsh. From the borders of the pineland on the main coast a fox barked; from the obscure forest on Lesane Island a great horned owl hooted. But we heard nothing from the marsh. Then I shouted but with no better result. Lee's attempts likewise failed.

"He's been gone twelve hours," I reminded them.

"We must follow," Lee insisted.

Darkness was upon us, and we had no light with which to see our way; yet we were about to plunge into the jungle of the vast Romney Marsh, laced by a score of small creeks in crossing which we might easily become confused. The venture appeared to me to be foolhardy; but there are times perhaps when it is necessary to be foolhardy. "Lead the way, Charley," I said, "but don't let your dog get away from you."

The hound took up the trail, and we followed. The work was desperately hard. Now we were fighting our way through the rank reeds that grew far above our heads; now we were fording a muddy stream; now we were floundering about in a black quagmire from which we extricated ourselves only with the greatest difficulty. At no time did we have any definite idea of our position in the marsh; but we were certain that we were on Jim's trail. And when the light of evening had utterly failed Jim's tracks in the wet mud apparently had sufficient scent to enable the hound to follow them. "He is better than a light," said Charley, proud of his dog.

The one feeling that sustained us through



those black hours of struggle was the belief that the hound would eventually lead us to Jim Rawlins. Many times we halted and shouted, but the marsh and the mist seemed to smother our voices.

But an end comes to all things. The reeds thinned abruptly and broke away, and we found ourselves on a shore line beside a stretch of quiet water. Indistinctly through the fog a light gleamed over the water. I shouted, and this time some one answered. The voice was the voice of Jim Rawlins!

"It's the Waban!" cried Lee. "And he's aboard her!"

Our long search, its sudden ending and the fact that Jim himself was safe aboard my sloop made me want to shout for joy, I was so excited. "Jim," I called, "can you bring the Waban over? We've left the small boat up the creek."

He said that he could; and after the soft thudding of an anchor rope's being hauled over the thwarts and then a clatter of poles the dim craft swung toward us on the misty tide. In a few moments the Waban was against the bank, and the three of us, not forgetting the hound, climbed aboard.

"Well, Jim," I said, "I don't know whether we found you, or you found us. We took your trail at the river, and this hound of Charley's brought us clear through the marsh."

"I've been here only about an hour," he said; "and I didn't hear you coming until a few minutes ago. I've been whooping and calling for you all day long."

"How did you get to the sloop?" I asked.

"I swam across to the old camp," he replied; "anything to get away from that awful marsh. Then I saw the Waban and swam to her. Did you get those men?" he asked.

I told him briefly what had happened.

"The fellow who stole the sloop told me," he said, "that you had his partner, and that he would take me to Jericho and hold me as a kind of hostage. That's why I dove into the Santee; I struck into the marsh to prevent his following me."

"It's a wonder, Jim," said Lee, "that you ever found your way out of Romney Marsh. The hound was the only thing that brought us out."

"Well, you'll be surprised," the younger brother answered, "when I tell you what helped me most. The sky was so overcast all day and the reeds over yonder were so high that after I had gone a mile or two into the marsh I couldn't for the life of me tell where I was. I thought of following my own trail out; but I really didn't want to return in so round-about a way. Well, I wasted a lot of time trying to figure out my position, and then suddenly I saw the white eagle. Do you know that he crossed and recrossed the marsh six times today? I was pretty sure that his regular line of flight was from the delta to the south end of the island here. Every time I'd see him I'd check my course by his. When dusk came I saw him no more; but then I was not far from here, and I simply kept on coming."

"He brought you out," said Lee slowly; "after that and after what Captain Svensen said I don't see how we can kill him."

"Let him go free," said Jim. "He may have saved my life. Let him go free."

While we were talking we had brought our sloop to the opposite bank, where we tied her close to shore for the night and then went over to the camp. The rain had somewhat bedraggled things, but Charley soon had a lively fire snapping and glowing; and before long he had prepared dinner for us.

"Did Benchner and Sands take you off the wreck, Jim?" I asked.

"Yes. They came up without my knowing it, though they may have known that I was there."

"You ought to have used your rifle on them," I said.

"I had leaned it behind the mainmast in the hold," he replied, "while I crawled round the inside of the old hulk—looking for pirates' gold and all that," he added with a smile.

"Did you signal us from the tower, Jim?" asked Lee.

"I tried to. Did you get my message on the wall?"

"Yes," the elder brother replied; "and we did as you told us; we put out the light."

"They counted on wrecking a vessel," Jim continued, "though they didn't say so to me. The plunder they got from the Storm Queen made them greedy, and they'd begun to play a pretty desperate game."

"I wondered whether they carried that plunder away?" I asked.

"Not a thing," Jim replied. "They have a fine pile of it back there in the woods."

"Steve," said Lee, "all that stuff is yours. You remember you told

us that Willoughby Sykes had written to you and said that you might salvage anything you wished from the wreck."

"It's ours," I said; "and those fellows have saved us a lot of trouble by collecting it for us. How far is it from the beach, Jim?"

"It's on the bank of Alligator Creek just above Peace Cove."

"As handy a place for loading as I know," I said. Now that we had virtually agreed not to kill the white eagle, I was glad to learn that we should have the salvage from the Storm Queen.

On the following morning after a night of profound sleep we repaired the rigging of the Waban and dried all of our effects in a beautiful autumn sun. At perhaps nine o'clock we sailed up Alligator Creek, where we recovered our small boat, which we had left there the night before. Returning to Peace Cove, we warped the sloop inshore. Then Jim led us to the wreckers' cache, which was concealed among the scrub palmettos. I was truly amazed and delighted at what we found. "It will be worth at least half of what the eagle would have been worth," I said to the brothers.

It took us several hours to load the Waban; and all the while we felt as if we had uncovered a pirate's treasure. After we had finished that work we cast the seine over in an arm of Peace Cove, and one haul almost filled our small boat with fine fish to take home—school bass, drum, sheepshead, whiting and sea trout.

Toward the middle of the afternoon we set sail down Alligator Creek and, crossing Anchor Sound, headed for the old wreck. "I'm going for the rifle," I explained.

We found it where Jim had left it; though it was a little the worse for rust, it was well worth recovering.

With a gentle south wind and a flood tide to help us we crossed the sound again and sailed once more into Jibboom Creek. Charley Snow was happy; beside him pressed his hound; on the opposite side was his pet raccoon, and in his hands was his mellow guitar.

As we were taking the first long bend in Jibboom Creek we looked back toward Lesane Island. High over the dark woods we saw the white eagle, lone and splendid, beating his lordly way. "He was ours, I think, if we had wanted to take him," I said as we gazed at the wonderful bird.

"I'm with Captain Svensen," said Lee; "I'd almost as soon tear down the American flag as rob the sky of that great emblem yonder."

"We have one of his feathers for remembrance," Jim reminded us.

We reached the home wharf at sundown; and with our arrival I come to an end of our story, except for one important matter. It was perhaps ten days after our return while the village of Dumbarton was still greatly excited over our strange expedition that I received this letter from Willoughby Sykes, the Charleston lawyer:

My dear Mr. Lesane. Inclosed you will find my personal check for two thousand dollars, which I as agent for the Sunderland Company am directed to hand to you with the company's compliments. The lighthouse department has fully acquainted us with the details of the happenings on Lesane Island on the night of October 29; and the captain of our four-masted vessel, the Belle of Orleans, has assured us that only the timely extinguishing of the decoy light in the slave tower saved his ship from destruction. You will distribute this money as you see fit among those who were with you; and, knowing your sense of justice, I am certain that you will be liberal with the negro Charley Snow. I hope that you were able to get something from the hulk of the Storm Queen.

Very truly yours, Willoughby Sykes.

THE END.

#### ON FRIDAY, THE THIRTEENTH?

THE old, old stories of the House that Jack Built and of Cocky Locky may have been suggested by some such series of accidents as this one, which a Michigan newspaper records:

While Henry Weaver of Grand Junction was trimming a tree over a pigpen he fell off a branch on a pig and killed it and at the same time broke both his own legs. The commotion frightened a colt, which jumped a fence and ran into a clothesline that was fastened to a post. The post pulled out, hurtled through the air and struck a cow and killed her. The colt ran into a barbed-wire fence and was so badly hurt that it will die. The veterinarian, while he was hurrying to attend to the injured animal, ran over Mr. Weaver's dog and killed it.



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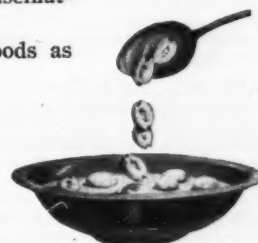
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## Puffed Wheat

Steam exploded grains

## Puffed Rice

Puffed to bubbles



Puffed Wheat in milk—the night dish



Reginald McKenna  
Former Chancellor of the British Exchequer

### FACT AND COMMENT

HE IS A SMALL MAN who cannot act as a subordinate.

Though you're Sure, before you Chide  
Always hear the Other Side.

THE MAN who has no tact always brags of his frankness.

"WHEN I WANT TO KNOW what kind of man a young fellow is going to make," says the old citizen of Little Lot, "I just find out what he does between seven and nine o'clock in the evening."

HAVING NO REFORMATORY for young offenders, the Bermuda government has passed a law that makes the parents of children under twelve liable to punishment. In the first case under the law a boy of nine, convicted of theft, went free, but his mother was fined and sent to jail for a month.

FIGURES OF THE DAILY NEWSPAPER circulation in the United States show that there is on the average one subscriber to every 3.6 inhabitants. Massachusetts leads the list of states with one subscriber to every 1.9 inhabitants. Only seven states have a proportion greater than one paper to every 10 inhabitants, and one state falls as low as one to every 37.1.

IN 1870 THE NEGRO PORTER of a New York bank with \$200 that he had saved bought two shares of bank stock. After that the value of his shares went up from \$100 to \$2500 each, and the number of his shares, through stock dividends, from two to forty. Having refused during all these years to sell out, he retired some time ago with a fortune of \$100,000, all based on that first small investment.

THE ALASKA Agricultural College and School of Mines, which was opened this fall at Fairbanks, speaks of progress in a land that many people still imagine to be a forbidding waste of ice and snow. The Alaskan public schools are as well equipped and well taught as any in the states. The salaries are good, and every year there are hundreds of applications from experienced teachers from all over the Union.

RADIO BROADCASTING is expected to begin shortly in England. In order to avoid confusion the government, profiting by the American experience, has laid down definite requirements for the broadcasting stations. One provision of the British plan is that a part of the profits of instrument makers and a percentage of the licensing fees from receiving stations shall go toward paying the cost of broadcasting.

AN AMERICAN COLLECTOR has lately bought Rembrandt's Descent from the Cross at a reported purchase price of \$500,000. Rembrandt sold his original Descent from the Cross to the Czar of Russia about 1634, but the subject so interested him that he painted it again some years later. The first painting is still in Russia; it is the later one that has come to this country. In 1909 the picture sold in London for \$41,850.

AN EIGHTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD woman from Georgia has been named for the United States Senate, and an eighty-six-year-old woman from Iowa, being a football enthusiast, chartered a special car from her home

to the Iowa-Yale game at New Haven. A horse lover in Connecticut well beyond eighty years of age drove his trotter at the fair and took a heat in 2.11½, and Mr. Cannon, aged eighty-six, on leaving Washington to travel the trail of the prairie schooner in which he went West as a small boy, said to his chauffeur, "Step on the gas! I like the bumps; they remind me of life."

### THE INTERNATIONAL DEBTS

NO progress whatever has been made either in the payment of international debts incurred during the war or in the negotiation for the payment of them hereafter. The money represented by the debts has all been spent, and besides that the debtor countries have expended nearly all the accumulated wealth on which they might have been able to draw to meet their obligations; yet not all their sacrifices have obtained for them the peace and security for which they poured out their own and the borrowed treasure.

Serious discussion of what is to be done about it will soon begin. The economic future of the world requires that a decision be reached. To be successful that decision must be fair, yet merciful; just, so far as is possible, between debtor and creditor; loyally submissive to hard conditions on the part of one, generously tolerant on the part of the other.

A study of the conditions makes it plain that that ideal cannot be realized. The debtor governments cannot pay, the creditor governments cannot enforce payment. Mr. McKenna, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has been addressing the American bankers, tells us, what we cannot help knowing to be true, that "an attempt to enforce payment beyond the debtor's ability is injurious to the industrial trade of the whole world," and he makes clear in what ways it would be harmful. He is not asking for mercy toward his own country. Great Britain alone—itsself a creditor as well as a debtor—is able to pay its debt to the United States and will do it. All other countries must repudiate, reduce or postpone to an indefinite future. Not one of them can balance its budget, and if it has not money enough to pay its running expenses, of course it has none with which to pay its creditors.

Moreover, whatever debts are to be paid must be paid in gold or in gold values. Now we have accumulated on this side of the ocean most of the gold that is above the surface of the earth, and the only way any of the debtor nations can get it is by selling to us its own productions to a value greater than that of the goods it imports. But, so far as we are concerned, our policy is adverse to permitting them to flood the country with their wares. The most radical free trader would oppose such enormous importations as would substantially improve the paying power of the European continental countries and their ability to recover gold from us.

Any merchant who has had to deal with insolvent debtors knows what is the common-sense course to pursue. For repudiation, reduction and long postponement of a debt are equally acts of bankruptcy. In the situation before us most of the debts are quite worthless; the rest of them may sometime be worth a small part of their face value. Nothing except the debt of Great Britain can be reckoned as an asset of the Treasury for any amount. Although at present we choose not to cancel or compromise the debts, good sense tells us, as Mr. Lamont advises us, to quit fooling ourselves with any expectation of possible payment.

### DUST

NO other chapter in the history of human civilization is more dramatic and inspiring than that which tells of the advance in medical science. It has enabled us to emerge from the Dark Ages, when epidemics carried off thousands and even millions of the race because neither the cause of the disease nor the remedy for it was known. Child life was so little protected that even in the homes of the wealthy, where children had the best of care, the chances of life or death in a child's first year were nearly even.

Perhaps most of us hardly realize that the conquest of one disease after another, which this generation is witnessing, did not actually begin until physicians were convinced that, broadly speaking, disease is caused by micro-organisms in the system; and we hardly realize also that the brilliant generalization known as the germ theory of disease, the outcome of researches by Pasteur, Koch and

others, is barely half a century old. Since it was fairly well established yellow fever, cholera, tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid fever and other diseases have been forced to give up the secret of their origin. The microscopic enemies have been discovered in their hiding places, and the weapons to fight them with are now known and effective.

A new method of attacking them is now engaging more and more the keen attention of the profession. Yet it is not new. It is merely looming in importance as a generalization similar to the one just mentioned and is impressing itself on physicians. It is the complement of the idea that diseases are caused by the growth of malignant organisms in the tissues of the body. The seeds, as it were, spring up in a fertile soil. To attack them when they have germinated is a curative process. But it would be far better, if it be possible, to render the soil sterile and thus give the seeds nothing to feed upon. That is preventive medicine.

The fertilizer is dust. Not that dust is actually food for harmful microbes, but it lessens the power of the tissues to resist them. It is a fact long known that workmen whose occupations compel them to live in a dust-laden atmosphere die young. Physicians are coming to believe more and more strongly that the best defense against disease germs must be set up before they begin their work by suppressing the dust that enters the lungs and diminishes the power of resistance. The harmfulness of dust, in the street, in factories, in dwelling houses, has long been perfectly well known. The new movement means simply that soon we shall see broad, well-organized and powerful campaigns, backed by medical men and by other men of science, to reduce dust to the smallest quantities possible.

### THE DILATORY WORKER

WE probably all know people who seem to be, as they express it, "always in a rush," yet who are always just a little late. They find apparently almost a pleasurable excitement in putting off till the last moment the performance of necessary tasks and then executing them under high pressure. No doubt there is something stimulating in having to accomplish certain results within a given time, but a good many persons in allotting their time seem to mistake the harassing for the stimulating.

Every teacher knows that, if on a Tuesday he assigns a certain task to be completed by the following Tuesday, a considerable percentage of the class will begin work upon it on Monday evening. He knows too that there is a very small fraction of the class who will set to work upon it immediately. He can soon tell which of his pupils are the forehanded and which the dilatory workers. It may be that the forehanded workers will not always do the best work. Some of the dull pupils are sure to be among the forehanded ones; they have found that they have to be, in order to keep up at all; and often among the dilatory pupils there are the brightest minds. But if not overcome, the habit of dilatoriness will eventually slow up a naturally bright and active mind, and the habit of forehandedness, if maintained, will often quicken a dull one.

### BUSINESS RISKS AND GAMBLING

LARGE numbers of every known race of men have shown a disposition to gamble, or at least to hazard things of value on uncertain events. The nervous tension of the suspense between the hope of gain and the fear of loss, where even life itself is at stake, has been found by experience to be exhilarating rather than depressing to persons of a certain type. When that exhilaration has been once experienced the nervous system is very likely to call for a repetition of it.

Like most human propensities this one probably performs an important function when properly directed; but like all others it may easily become perverted and vicious. When men had to live by hunting dangerous animals or fighting dangerous enemies, it was a wise provision of nature that enabled them to enjoy the exhilaration of the chase and the excitement of battle. Men still find it necessary to hazard their savings, their labor, their health and even their lives on unforeseeable events. The farmer at least hazards his seed and his labor when he plants a crop; the fisherman his life when he goes to the Grand Bank; the investor his savings when he provides the money for building shops, factories, ships and railways. Unless men were willing to assume those hazards, we should live very

poorly. If men find exhilaration in hazardous enterprises, we shall have more such enterprises than would be possible if men found the hazards depressing.

To invent hazardous games and engage in them merely for the exhilaration that results is a perversion, though it may not always be perfectly clear where the line is to be drawn between the legitimate and the illegitimate hazards. Breeding and testing race horses has always been a hazardous enterprise and has not always been distinguished from gambling. One result, however, has been the creation of such magnificent animals as the English thoroughbred race horse and the American standard-bred trotter. Those were important economic assets, at least in the days before the automobile, for they furnished the basis for superior saddle and carriage horses. Gambling on cockfighting or bullfighting has sometimes resulted in a superior breed of fighting cocks or fighting bulls; but they are of no use. Hazardous on a throw of dice or a deal of cards cannot possibly result in any economic advantage to the country as a whole.

The probable prosperity of any country might conceivably be predicted from the way in which the people gratify the propensity to assume hazards. If considerable numbers of men are willing to hazard their earnings, their time and even their lives and limbs in prospecting for minerals, it is highly probable that, if there are any minerals in the country, they will be discovered and worked to the advantage of the country as a whole. If considerable numbers are willing to hazard their earnings and their lives on fishing excursions, it is highly probable that considerable quantities of fish will be caught, making appreciable addition to the food supplies of the country. Where considerable numbers are willing to invest their savings and their time in enterprises the success of which cannot always be foreseen with accuracy, a great many new enterprises will be started and the country will prosper accordingly.

One of the greatest of all problems of statesmanship is how to harness natural human propensities to productive work. This country is fortunate in that so many of our people have chosen to take hazards on productive enterprises rather than upon games of chance that bring no productive results. They thus gratify a natural propensity and at the same time increase the wealth of the country.

### RECKLESS CRITICISM

WHEN the newspapers printed the indiscreet interview that Mrs. Clare Sheridan, the sculptress, asserted she had had with Mr. Kipling, there was no little agitation among editors, public men and private citizens on this side of the water. We none of us liked to be told that we had got all the gold in the world, but—by implication—that we had failed to save alive our national soul. Mr. Kipling lost no time in denying that he had said the things that Mrs. Sheridan attributed to him, but he did not deny that he thought them; and, whether he thinks them or not, there are many less conspicuous persons in Europe who both think them and say them out loud. Since they are persons concerning whose opinion of us we are less sensitive, we usually permit their remarks to pass in silence.

It is as certain as anything can be that such critical and disparaging words as Mrs. Sheridan attributed to Mr. Kipling are dangerous stuff to give to the press. Even when there is truth in them there are always exaggeration and injustice in them too. They proceed from misunderstanding and prejudice and are envenomed by irritation and a sense of injury. They infallibly exasperate those at whom they are directed, inflame national suspicions and national jealousies, encourage the growth of hatred and lay the foundation for lasting enmities. We were justified in lamenting Mr. Kipling's lack of judgment in saying such things—if he said them—and in condemning Mrs. Sheridan for printing them.

But in taking this virtuous stand let us not forget that we, here in America, do not come into court with clean hands. Not a day passes that some editorial writer does not say something ill-natured about one or another of the European countries with which we were so lately associated. Every little while some public man makes a speech or "submits to an interview" in which he expresses his impatience or his anger at the way France or Great Britain or Italy is conducting itself. None of those indiscretions are so widely advertised abroad as the Kipling interview was in this country; but they do find their way little by little to the ears of intelligent



foreigners. Even when they are founded on proper grounds for criticism they are usually so phrased as to be needlessly offensive and so colored as to be unjust.

The world is passing through a very difficult and dangerous epoch in its history. Friendly and sympathetic counsel will help it on its way, but reckless, ill-tempered criticism—which can pass so easily into abuse—can only aggravate the evils that we have and perhaps give birth to new ones.

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## CURRENT EVENTS

THE conference at Mudania opened with General Harington representing the British, General Mombelli the Italians, General Charpy the French, and Ismet Pasha the Turks. Ismet Pasha adopted a bellicose attitude and declared that the Turkish army must enter Thrace immediately. The French general announced that his government had instructed him to support the Turkish demand, whereupon the British and the Italian delegates, who had opposed it, asked for an adjournment of the conference in order that they might receive further instructions. Immediately Lord Curzon and M. Poincaré held a meeting in Paris and reached an agreement that the Greek army should evacuate eastern Thrace, and that the Allies should occupy the territory for thirty days after the evacuation is completed. In consequence of this agreement between Lord Curzon and M. Poincaré the Allied generals on their return to the Mudania conference presented a united front against the Turkish demands. They made demands of their own—that Turkish troops be withdrawn from neutral zones, that the Turkish gendarmerie in Thrace be limited in number, and that the Turks refrain from occupying Thrace until after peace is signed. Ismet Pasha, not having power to deal with those demands, referred them to the government at Angora, which directed him to accept the terms offered.

Dissatisfaction with Mr. Lloyd George's policy in the Near East found expression in English newspapers and periodicals that had generally been favorable to him; the Conservative revolt against his leadership apparently has been strengthened. In France too there was much discontent expressed over the course that M. Poincaré's government had taken in supporting Turkish claims.

The revolutionary committee in Greece continued firmly in power. Influenced by M. Venizelos, it instructed the Greek delegates to the Mudania conference to accept whatever decisions were agreed upon unanimously by the Allied representatives. Martial law was

proclaimed in Athens to prevent any demonstration against the acceptance by the government of the loss of eastern Thrace. General elections to choose a new parliament to succeed that deposed by the revolution will be held on November 13.

PRESIDENT HARDING authorized a campaign to raise funds for Near East relief. He also instructed Secretary Mellon to enforce Attorney-General Daugherty's ruling that all transportation of intoxicating liquors within American waters is illegal, and that any foreign vessel entering an American port with liquor on board as cargo or in stores or even in a sealed bar violates the prohibition-enforcement law. It was reported that foreign shipping interests were preparing to present a case before the Supreme Court to test the validity of Mr. Daugherty's ruling.

THE Irish government issued a proclamation offering full amnesty to all offenders who surrendered their arms by October 15. The Irish Parliament made progress in adopting the new constitution; it passed the article providing that the Irish Free State shall not be committed to active participation in any war without the assent of the Free State Parliament. The oath of fidelity to the King, to be taken by every member of Parliament, was approved. The Irish hierarchy issued a pastoral letter condemning guerrilla warfare against the Free State and declaring that "the killing of national soldiers is murder before God."

THE Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, former Chancellor of the British Exchequer and now chairman of the largest private bank in England, proposed in an address to the American Bankers' Association in New York that there should be a conference of debtor and creditor nations to solve the problem of reparations and debts among the Allies. He said that England could pay her debt to the United States in full, but that American bankers should use their influence in favor of the postponement of payment by other Allied nations. In addressing the same convention Mr. Henry Morgenthau, formerly ambassador to Turkey, declared that, if the Turks had been allowed to cross into Thrace as a conquering army, there would surely have been war in the Balkans and possibly in Central Europe.

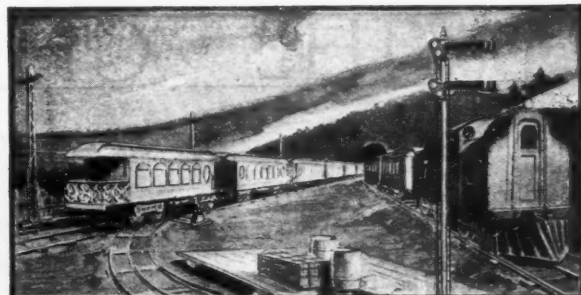
EXTENSIVE forest fires in Canada and northern New England caused great loss, and in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec a number of persons were burned to death. In Maine and New Hampshire all hunting in the state forests and woodlands was prohibited until the danger of forest fires was abated by rain.

THE announcement was made that Japan would withdraw its troops from Kiaochow on December 2 and would on that date restore the territory to China.

THE burial place of Herod's first cousin, Antiochus, has been found by explorers of the museum of the University of Pennsylvania at Beth-Shean, in Palestine. Antiochus is said to have been the officer to whom Herod gave the task of murdering the first-born children of Judea at the time of Christ's birth. Dr. Fisher, the director of excavations, also reported the first discovery of coffins of the Philistines. They were made of clay; each one bore the likeness of a human face modeled into the clay.

LENINE's first act of importance upon again taking control of the soviet government after his illness was to annul the trade concession agreed upon between the soviet officials and an English promoter, Mr. Urquhart. He gave as the reason for repudiating the agreement the impossibility of entering into business relations with a citizen of a nation that was treating Soviet Russia in an unfriendly manner.

AN amateur archaeologist, Mr. W. P. Ferguson, has found on Isle Royal in Lake Superior the remains of an ancient town. The ruins extend over an area two miles long and half a mile wide. The houses were apparently pits, dug eight feet or more into the ground, protected by stone walls and covered with roofs of wood. Some are so large that they must have been communal dwellings. The inhabitants mined copper and used stone hammers to crush the rock. Mr. Ferguson thinks the settlement existed two thousand years ago, but it is impossible to be precise.



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# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

## THE FEARLESS HARE AND THE MIGHTY HUNTER

By Roger Wingfield

ONE day in the early fall Swift-in-the-Chase took his bow and arrow and went forth to hunt. Being the son of a chief who was very proud of him, he wore much more beautiful clothes than most of the other Indian boys wore.

"The first hare that I see will be mine," thought Swift-in-the-Chase proudly, as he tramped along, for he was a good hunter whose strong bow and sharp arrows seldom failed.

Suddenly something flashed among the trees. Swift-in-the-Chase stopped and drew his bow. Still as an image he stood and waited. But the thing did not come into view again; when the young brave had waited a long time he lowered the bow. Then, hearing a rustle in the leaves, he raised it once more; but still he could see nothing.

At last he threw down his bow and arrow in anger, for he was growing very hungry. "I will have you yet!" he cried. "You cannot escape Swift-in-the-Chase, the mighty hunter."

As he spoke he looked down, and there at his very feet a large white hare was sitting. The boy was so astonished at the sight that he did not try to reach his bow.

The hare, still sitting on his haunches, bowed solemnly three times. "I am Fleet-of-Foot, the white hare of the great forest," he said. "And who are you?"

"I," the boy answered proudly, "am Swift-in-the-Chase, the mighty hunter of the great forest."

At that the hare bowed until his ears touched the toes of his hind feet. "I am weary and hungry, O hunter," he said. "Will you not give me some of your food?"

At that the boy laughed loudly. "I have not yet found my food, O hare," he said.

At that the hare bowed so low that he almost fell over. "And when will you find the food, O hunter?" he asked.

"Hare," said the hunter, "I have but to take up my mighty bow, and I will have the food."

Then the white hare gave a jump and landed just between the boy's feet. "Then take up thy mighty bow, O hunter," he said.

Swift-in-the-Chase stood very still and did not say a word. At length the hare leaned out from between his feet and peered up into his face. Then the mighty hunter shook with laughter. "I cannot shoot downward and backward, thou foolish hare," he said.

"Be gone. And if thou must have new food, go to the field behind the camp of my tribe and find new strange roots that are growing there."

The hare went darting away. But before he disappeared from sight he paused and looked back. "O mighty hunter," he said, "good fish swim in the brown stream that goes beneath the white birches." Then he was gone.

The boy slung his bow and arrow again to his shoulder and walked on. But though he sought all day he could find no game. At length when he was weary and faint with hunger the words of the hare came back to him.

"I will go home now," he said. "But tomorrow I will go to the brown stream that flows beneath the white birches."

So the next day he went to the stream and began to fish. And after he had caught two little fishes and was angling for a third, he felt something brush his wrist like the wing of a big moth. Three times the thing brushed him, and then he looked down and saw the hare sitting beside him with his paws tucked under his breast and his long ears flapping slowly backward and forward.

"So thou art here again, O hare," said the boy. "I am still hungry. Dost thou not fear my strong bow and arrow?"

"Nay," said the hare, as he rested comfortably and flicked his ears. "Thy bow and thy arrow are strong, O hunter, but thou hast a good heart. I went as thou bidst me go, to the field behind the camp of thy tribe, and found the new and strange roots that were growing there."



## Weed Flowers

Verses and Drawing by  
Elisabeth B. Warren

The gardener plants the garden beds  
With rows and rows of seeds.  
But we like best the little flowers  
The gardener says are weeds.

We must not pick the garden flowers;  
So over all the ground  
God plants the weed flowers just for us,  
When gardeners aren't around.

The Indian boy caught fish and broiled them, and the hare sat by and watched him. Then, when the sun was slanting toward the west, the boy turned homeward.

"Farewell, O Fleet-of-Foot," he said. "Rejoice in the good fortune this day has brought thee."

The white hare stood on his hind legs and bowed low three times, till his nose touched the boy's moccasins.

"Farewell, farewell, Swift-in-the-Chase, mighty hunter of the great forest!" he replied.

## BURR BASKETS

By Anne Carolyn Corey

WHEN Ellen was a little girl she went to school in summer as well as in winter—that is, part of the summer. Every year when the winter school closed Miss Martha Allen opened school in the old log schoolhouse for the children who were too small to be of much help on the farm.

The schoolhouse stood on the top of a steep hill, and far down on the slope of the hill, in the midst of a little wood, was a spring. Between the school and the spring the children's feet had worn a long white path.

One warm day the pail of water on the shelf in the entry was empty before noon. Miss Martha chose Ellen Lee and her best friend, Lydia Moore, to fill it again at the spring.

The girls put on their sunbonnets and went willingly enough. It was hot out of doors, but down by the spring there would be a cool place to rest before they started back.

"Let's take the short cut instead of going by the path," Ellen suggested when they were halfway down the hill. The short cut led past a large burdock bush. At sight of the bush Ellen's blue eyes sparkled.

"There," she said. "Let's sit right down here, Lydia Moore, and see which of us can make the prettiest burr basket!"

It was a long time since the girls had had a chance to make burr baskets; they set their pail down and went to work with a will.

"It doesn't matter if we stay a little while," Ellen said, "because it's recess time now. There goes the bell."

Lydia looked somewhat doubtful. "Suppose some one should be thirsty?" she said.

"O dear, Lydia," Ellen answered. "Nobody's going to die of thirst in the time it will take to make a burr basket."

The girls picked a good supply of burrs and then sat down in the cool grass and began to put them together.

Handling burrs is not very easy work, but at last the little baskets began to take shape. Lydia's was oblong and Ellen's was round. Lydia, who had nimbler fingers than her friend, finished first. Ellen had just started to put the handle on her basket when faint and far from the hilltop above they heard the school bell ring.

They scrambled hastily to their feet and seized the empty pail. There was no time, now, to think about burr baskets. Lydia tucked hers under a bush. "I'll come back for my basket after school," she said.

"I shan't leave mine," said Ellen. "But, oh, how it pricks. There, I'll turn my bonnet into a bag; that's a good idea."

She dropped the burr basket into the crown of her sunbonnet and hastily made a handle of the strings. In a few seconds the two girls were on their way up the hill, the pail of water between them. The hot sun and the steep climb made them puff and blow. Without thinking what she was doing Ellen hurriedly put on her bonnet.

"I'm nearly melting," she panted. The girls hurriedly set the pail on the entry shelf and hung up their bonnets. Then they tiptoed shamefacedly into the schoolroom.

Ellen's desk was in one of the front rows. As she walked meekly up the aisle, trying to make herself as small as possible, she was astonished to hear a gasp that seemed to come from the whole room at once. A boy tittered; then one of the little girls gave a smothered squeal. Ellen thought a mouse must be running round; she gathered her skirts round her knees and began to look all about on the floor.

The teacher's voice spoke sternly: "Ellen Lee, what is that on your head?"

Ellen turned crimson. Could she have forgotten to take off her bonnet? She clapped her hand to her head. Ouch! She must have got some of those prickly burrs in her hair! She turned redder than before.

A second later she realized what the trouble really was. When she put on her sunbonnet the burr basket had fitted right over her head, and when she took the bonnet off the basket did not come with it. Here was the basket, in fact, fitting her yellow head as neatly as a cap.

"O dear!" Ellen cried. "Oh, how dreadful!" She wanted to cry, but that would never do in sight of forty pair of watching eyes. So she just stood still and hung her head.

Presently Lydia stole softly up the aisle and stood beside her friend.

"Please, teacher," she said, "we made burr baskets when we ought to have been getting water."

The other children stopped laughing; they felt sorry for the forlorn little pair.

Miss Martha's voice was gentler when she spoke again. "Take your seat, Lydia," she said. "And you, Ellen, go home and let your mother see what she can do for you."

Ellen's mother had a hard task, but she managed at last to get the tangled hair clear of the prickly burrs. When Ellen came to school the next day her yellow head looked almost, though not quite, as smooth as usual.

But after that she never cared for burrs or burr baskets.

## THE THIRD CANDLE SHADE

By Ellen Rice

IN handsome apartments on the second floor of the beautiful house made of an orange crate lived Barbara Bisque and Cecilia Celluloid, but poor Rena Ragge was tucked away downstairs behind the kitchen.

Barbara's hair was long and flaxen and curled round her face. She could open and shut her blue eyes and say "mamma." Cecilia had a beautiful complexion and could stand alone. She and Barbara were inclined to be rather proud and haughty toward Rena, who was made of cloth and stuffed with cotton. Her hair was raveled wool, her eyes were shoes buttons, and her mouth and nose were red thread. But Rena was kind-hearted and always tried to help other people. She kept a pet cricket and often had parties for the mice who lived in the kitchen.

One day the dolls heard a boy say to their





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mistress, "Would you like some dressing tables for your dolls?"  
"Oh, how splendid!" she exclaimed. "Where would you get them?"  
"I'd make them," said the boy. "Come with me, and I'll show you."

He cut the top of a cartridge box in half and placed three safety match boxes in a row on top of it. The match boxes made splendid drawers. For knobs he used bits of cord with knots in each end. He glued the covers of the match boxes to the cartridge box so that they would not slide off when the drawers were pulled out.

The mistress of the beautiful orange-crate house clapped her hands with delight when the tables were finished. She set them against the wall in each doll's room beneath a tiny mirror and put on them the dolls' combs and brushes, their powder boxes and cream jars and little candles in brass candlesticks. There was a wire frame in each candlestick, but no shade to cover it.

"Now," said the dolls' mistress, "everything is perfect except for the candle shades. I will make those tomorrow."

Barbara and Cecilia and Rena were very proud of their dressing tables. They walked back and forth admiring them, and it must be admitted that Barbara and Cecilia admired their reflections in the new mirrors too. Their reflections were so pretty.

"I wish we had the shades," sighed Cecilia. "So do I," echoed Barbara. "The light shines in my eyes when I sit down."

"Can't we make them ourselves and surprise our mistress?" suggested Rena.

"Oh, let's do," cried the others.

So Barbara and Cecilia ran to their piece bags, where they found scraps left from their pretty dresses. Poor Rena had no piece bag and no scraps, for her only dress was painted on her. She asked the other two, "Won't you please give me some of your scraps?"

"I haven't any to spare," answered Barbara.

"You ought not to have started it if you didn't have something to make yours out of," said Cecilia.

Rena went sadly back to her room. Look as she might, there was nothing there from which she could make a shade for her beloved mistress. She thought of her friends the mice, but they had only their fur coats.

Presently her pet cricket came hopping in and asked, "Why are you so sad?"

"Cecilia and Barbara are both making beautiful candle shades to surprise our mistress, and I have nothing to make one of. She will think I do not love her," answered Rena.

"Don't worry, Rena," said the cricket. "Your mistress knows you love her better than those proud, mean girls do. You are always thoughtful and kind."

Rena smiled at the cricket and tried to look happy for his sake. Soon Barbara and Cecilia called her to see their shades. Barbara's was blue like her eyes and ruffled from top to bottom with lace. Cecilia's was pink like her cheeks and fluted and scalloped all round. Rena thought her candlestick looked bare than ever.

Next morning their mistress came early to see the new dressing tables. When she came to Barbara's room and saw the lovely blue shade she could hardly believe her eyes. She peeped into Cecilia's room, and there was the equally lovely pink one.

"Oh, oh," she cried, "the fairies must have done this. I wonder what Rena's is like. I must go and see."

Rena, who had been awakened by her mistress's cries, hid her head under the bedclothes. She felt very sad. Then she heard her mistress exclaim, "But Rena's is the most wonderful of all!"

What could she mean? Surely she was not making fun of her. Slowly Rena pulled the covers from over her face and looked out. Instead of the bare wire frame there was a most beautiful shade, made of lace and wrought in intricate patterns. Where could it have come from? Who could have put it there? Suddenly Rena understood. The cricket had told her troubles to the spiders, and they had done this for one who often helped them.

## BRAVE BROOKS

By Elizabeth Farrington Upson

Some little brooks go rushing on so fast they tumble down

And break themselves to pieces in a dizzy waterfall;

But up they jump again at once without a cry or frown

And chuckle softly to the trees, "That didn't hurt at all!"



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## THE GATE CALLED WEST

By Neeta Marquis



O Odysseus, speak not comfortably to me of death!

—Achilles in the Odyssey.

They shrank from death, those ancients Homer knew.

They worshiped toward the East, aflame with day,

Whatever stress impelled their hearts to pray,

Whatever token symbolized the True.

Dawns, births, beginnings—these their homage drew—

Their ecstasies; but, fell the evening gray,

They dumbly turned eyes dim with dread away,

Afraid to watch the light dissolve from view.

But One came, entering by the Eastern gate

As mortals must—Who wistful souls of men

Delivered from the rule of pulseless Fate.

As death's dark sill He crossed—and crossed

again!—

Fear's shadow lifted from the Gate called West.

He had revealed it as the door to rest.

## MODELING IN CLAY

THE sculptor knows that the figure will be as he makes it. An important part of his art is his conviction that nothing should be left to chance. He knows that "Trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle." Every impression he leaves in the clay remains; every touch contributes to the final effect.

Not all fathers and mothers realize perhaps that the same thing is true of children. They forget that their own lives are sculptors' hands beneath which the plastic life of the child is being moulded into ugliness or into beauty. Here are the significant words of a man who, beginning in poverty, left not only a competence to his family but also an unspotted name, which is better than riches:

"I was born in the country and grew up there. We lived two miles from the church. Many a summer Sunday I would have chosen to spend the morning strolling across the fields with my dog or reading a book in the shade of the big maple that grew near the house. There were times when it seemed to me a little hard that I could not do it. Every Sunday morning at ten o'clock my mother would come to the door and say in her gentle way, 'William, it's time to get ready for church.'

"Yes, mother," I would reply, for in my heart I knew that, let my desire be what it might, I must not disappoint my mother.

"At the age of sixteen I went to New York and began my business career as clerk in a dry-goods store. On my first Sunday some of the older clerks invited me to a place of popular resort across the river where the city of Hoboken now stands. A band played while people strolled about or sat and ate their luncheon. It was all pleasant and pretty and apparently harmless. But at ten o'clock I heard my mother's voice calling in her gentle way, 'William, it's time to get ready for church.' The voice seemed so real that it startled me, even though I knew that mother was two hundred and fifty miles away.

"The momentary impression passed. I continued to listen to the music. Again my mother's voice said, 'William, it's time to get ready for church.'

"Yes, mother," I replied softly, as had been my habit through boyhood and, excusing myself to my companions, hastened back to the city.

"I went to church that Sunday morning and have been going ever since. My mother's voice has never ceased to call."

## THE PANSY BED

MRS. HILTON had been on Mrs. Richmond's piazza for thirty-five minutes. During that time little Mary Rose had been picking faded pansies from the pansy bed. As anyone who has tried it knows, the task is "backaching"; yet Mary Rose seemed to be having a wonderful time.

"I can understand how you have such beautiful pansies," Mrs. Hilton exclaimed, "but I don't understand how you can make Mary Rose think it is fun to pick them! Lucile wouldn't stick to it ten minutes, not if I paid her five dollars!"

Mary Rose's mother smiled down on the intent little figure. "They are Mary Rose's pansies, hers to keep beautiful and to use. She has fresh pansies on the table every morning and a pansy at each plate. And she enjoys picking off the faded ones because she is a princess, and a cruel witch has set the task!"

"What nonsense!" Mrs. Hilton cried. "No, not at all. Love of beauty, generosity, perseverance, yes, and imagination, are not nonsense. I hope that my little girl never will lose the gift of imagination. It's a magic gift to carry through life."

"All I can say is it wouldn't work with ordinary children," Mrs. Hilton's voice sounded as if she were defending herself.

Mrs. Richmond still was looking at the busy figure in the pansy bed. "It didn't work with my children at first," she replied, "not until I learned to play fair about it." She laughed mischievously. "Now," she declared, "I am going to plant a little seed, a tiny brown speck, no more. But it

has life in it; it will send disconcerting roots down into your mind and grow and grow. You see, I wanted things for my boys and girl—things that money could not buy. I wanted, not strong bodies alone, but resourceful, imaginative minds and strong spirits that could meet hardship without going under and would be easily at home with joy."

"Well?" Mrs. Hilton prompted her. "It sounds like Greek to me, but go on."

"Well, I tried to train them, from the outside, and largely I failed. Then one day it occurred to me that I was trying to make them do what I was not willing to do myself! So I began that day and planned out my daily dozen."

"Your daily dozen!"

Mary Rose's mother nodded. "Mentally and spiritually; never a day without stopping and 'considering the stars,' pondering the infinite vistas of the universe and the love of God. When you do that you grow ashamed of little frets. We exercise our imagination too; when we read we stop and think. Mac and I talked the matter over and decided to argue one editorial article every night at dinner; we take opposite sides, you know. The boys are coming into it now; they love it. And I memorize something, if only a line of poetry. We all do. It was good tough work at first, but I've come to love it. It's wonderful to feel your mind growing supple and eager!"

"H'm," said Mrs. Hilton.

Mrs. Richmond laughed. "Grow, little seed!" she cried.

## MAROONED IN THE AIR

TO spend your sixty-fifth birthday under a blistering sun at the top of a wind-swept smokestack one hundred and eighty-five feet high is an experience that even the most daring steeple jack probably would not regard with pleasure. And if, moreover, like Mr. John Elsbee, a steeple jack of Cincinnati, you had planned to attend a party the same evening you might feel much as he felt on his sixty-fifth birthday when, on laying down his paintbrush and starting to descend the stack that he was working on, he found that the wind had hopelessly tangled his ropes. It was then one o'clock. He had been in the air, says Mr. Charles Layng in the Wide World Magazine, since a quarter past nine.

For hours Elsbee tried to free the ropes from a projection below, round which the wind had blown them. The sun was blazing hot, and the heat reflected from the steel was almost unbearable. Finally he was forced to cease his efforts. Only the high wind saved him from heat prostration.

To shout for help was useless; there was too much noise below. And, unfortunately, a casual observer could not see that anything was wrong with the solitary figure high in the air; at five o'clock thousands of workmen passed beneath him and merely glanced skyward as they walked. Darkness drew near and still the ropes remained fast. He was beginning to feel the tortures of thirst.

At eight o'clock people living near by began to suspect that something was wrong with the steeple jack. Some one sent in an alarm to the fire department, but when the firemen arrived they were powerless to aid, for their ladders were too short.

The high wind had slackened so that it was possible to communicate with Elsbee by shouting. His first request was that they tie a bucket of water and some food to the one rope of the tackle that was free. The men below did as he requested; after several failures he got the food and water. It was then eleven o'clock. Presently some one thought of the powerful searchlight on the fire engine, and the watchers turned it on the marooned man. Then they gasped as they saw what he intended to do.

Slowly and with infinite care the man had slid from his seat and in the glare of the searchlight was lowering himself on the ropes. Suddenly he slipped, and the crowd held its breath in horror; the next instant he recovered himself, and a cheer went up. Arriving safely at the projection round which the rope was tangled, he grasped a line tightly with one hand and with his legs wrapped round it fumbled with the tangle. The minutes dragged past. Finally the ropes were free.

Then the crowd saw him lower his swing seat to where he was clinging; they saw him clamber upon it. Willing hands steadied the lines as he descended and then, once he was on the ground, helped him to the waiting ambulance. The clocks were striking midnight. Elsbee had been marooned in the air almost fifteen hours!

After one day in the hospital he returned to the stack and completed his work.

## ELEPHANT PATHS

ELEPHANT paths are not to be found on plains, for in open country elephants do not go in single file. But in the forests, says Mr. Carl Akeley in the World's Work, there are elephant paths everywhere, a fortunate circumstance, since without them travel would be almost impossible.

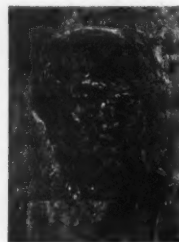
You travel virtually all the time on their trails, which go everywhere except, oddly enough, among the tree ferns. The elephants are constantly changing their paths, for the natives are always digging pits in them. Some trails, however, have evidently been used for centuries. Once we followed a band of elephants on the Aberdare Plateau until the trail led through a pass in the

mountains, and we realized that they were going into a different region altogether. That trail in the pass was a little wider than an elephant's foot and was worn six inches deep in the solid rock! It must have taken the shuffling elephants hundreds of years to wear the rock away.

## PORTRAITS OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL

RECENTLY while workmen were digging to lay the foundations of a public garage in Rome they came suddenly upon a large subterranean structure of the days of the early Romans. It was, says the Illustrated London News, decorated with frescoes, all of which evidently were painted to represent in disguised form scenes from the Gospel.

Four times the figure of the Good Shepherd, which early non-Christian visitors might have identified as Orpheus, is represented; there is



St. Peter

Believed to be authentic contemporaneous portraits



St. Paul

also the scene of the Sermon on the Mount with an image of the Saviour, disguised as a shepherd among his flock, seated on a pinnacle of rock with an open book on his knees; there are the life-size figures of the twelve apostles, another representation of the twelve, and other groups that might represent Christ preaching in Solomon's Temple; and finally there are the woman with the issue of blood and the ass that the Saviour rode on his last visit to Jerusalem. The best of the collection are two marvelous heads that, it is thought, are authentic portraits of St. Peter and St. Paul, made while the two princes of the apostles were alive.

## CHRISTMAS IN A SOVIET PRISON

THERE is a current saying in Russia today that every citizen "has sat, is sitting or will sit in prison." The people are all only too familiar with prisons and fortunately know how to make the best of a period of confinement. Mrs. Marguerite E. Harrison, an American newspaper correspondent who spent ten months in a soviet prison, tells in her book, *Marooned in Moscow*, how she and her fellow prisoners managed to have a tree at Christmas.

It was, she writes, an immense stroke of luck that we had a tree at all, and we owed our good fortune to the fact that three days before Christmas an armed convoy took us out to the public baths and marched us for some distance through snow-covered streets. Merchants were selling trees in the Trubnaya Square, through which we had to pass, and we managed to pick up a few branches that lay scattered on the snow. When we got back to our room we tied them together and stuck them into a bottle, which we had covered with white paper that had been wrapped round a package one of the prisoners had received.

Then we set to work making decorations. In my bag I had some silver paper that had been wrapped round a cake of soap; with the paper we made little silver balls and strung them together on the thread that we had been using to mend the linen with. Another woman had a piece of red cardboard that had been part of a cigarette carton, and I had a red label from a can of condensed milk. We cut the cardboard and the paper into red stars and attached them to the end of every twig. I complained to the guard of a toothache and received some raw cotton and some iodine to put on my tooth; we used the cotton as snow on the tree. One of the women contributed a little gold chain with an image of the *Mat Boga*—Mother of God—that she wore round her neck, and the Christmas tree was trimmed. We thought it very beautiful.

## RODIN AND HIS ASSISTANTS

A LIVELY book about an interesting man is M. Paul Gsell's *Opinions of Anatole France*. Not the least amusing part is that in which the author speaks of the relations of France with Rodin, the famous sculptor. He admired much of Rodin's work but was not afraid to criticize the things he did not like.

"He is a genius," he said once. "But he seems to know nothing of the science of grouping. After all, he collaborates too much with accidents. He abuses his right to destroy what is not perfect in a work. Dear old President Fallières, who was one day paying an official visit to the Salon, stopped in front of a statue that had neither head nor arms nor legs and said with great simplicity:

"M. Rodin is certainly a great man, but his furniture removers are singularly careless."

A further example of what M. France meant by "collaborating with accidents" is this ironical passage:

"Do you know how he conceived that Victor Hugo, the half-reclining figure in marble in the gardens of the Palais Royal? This is the story: Rodin had just finished in clay an imposing statue of the poet. Victor Hugo was standing upright on the crest of a rock. All sorts of muses and ocean deities were circling about him. One morning the sculptor brought a whole group of journalists to his studio that they might contemplate the new work. Unfortunately, the evening before he had left the window open, and as a terrible storm had broken out during the night a stream of water had reduced the huge group to formless pulp. The cliff had collapsed upon the dancing deities. As for Victor Hugo, he had flopped down into a sea of mud.

"Rodin opened the door and allowed his guests to go in first. Suddenly he beheld the disaster. He all but tore his beard with despair. But the chorus of praise had already begun:

"Wonderful! Marvelous! Formidable! Victor Hugo rising from this bed of slime, what a symbol! Master, it is a stroke of genius! You have tried to represent the ignominy of an epoch in which the inspiration of the bard alone survived, noble and pure. How beautiful!"

"Do you think so?" Rodin asked timidly.

"Of course! It is the masterpiece of masterpieces. Oh, please, master, leave it as it is!"

The story is certainly piquant. Whether it is true is another matter.

## THE ROYAL SURNAME

THE small-town librarian often finds herself the accepted referee of a dispute with which she must deal tactfully if feelings are not to be hurt or tempers ruffled. Not long ago three ladies of the East Jonesborough Woman's Club appeared in the pretty little memorial library of Jonesborough Centre, and together approached the librarian's desk. One, who was clearly acting as spokesman, said politely but with a certain tenseness in her manner, "Miss Smith, will you please tell us what is the name of the King of England?"

"George the Fifth," replied Miss Smith, promptly but rather astonished.

"Yes, certainly; we know that!" snapped one of the others. "But what's the rest of it?"

"The rest of it?" repeated Miss Smith; then she smiled. "I looked him up for Johnny Jones this morning, and I'm pretty sure I remember correctly; you see, King George hasn't nearly so long a string of names as many of the other royalties have. Four for a king is quite a meagre allowance. His full name is George Frederick Ernest Albert."

"We didn't mean that," said the third lady. "We meant his last name. We know it, but we're not sure we know how to pronounce it."

"I have no doubts whatever concerning the proper pronunciation," the first lady said with dignity. "It is of course Guelph."

"Pronounced Gwelp, to rhyme with help," said the second lady.

"Gelp, if it's only one syllable," corrected the third lady. "That's what Mrs. Brown called it; she said Gelp quite distinctly. But Mrs. Green was perfectly sure there were two syllables, and Mrs. White thought so too; only one insisted on Gue-eph, and the other on Goo-eph; and Miss Black stood out for Goo just as decidedly, only she wouldn't hear of elph—she said the h was altogether silent and superfluous. Goo-eph, she made it; 'elph like yelp,' she told Mrs. Green. Poor dear Mrs. Green grew quite red in the face repeating that it was 'elph like self'; but Miss Black only kept right on, a little louder, telling her 'elph like yelp.'"

"How do you pronounce it, Miss Smith?" inquired the first lady graciously. "I know you'll back me up—you can't help yourself—but just to convince the other ladies, how do you?"

"Windsor," said Miss Smith. "The English

## A FRIEND IN NEED



—G. E. Studdy in the Sketch.





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royal family changed their name during the war. They're the house of Windsor now."

"Goodness, so they are!" exclaimed the third lady. "Why, I knew that; but I'd forgotten. Well—but—"

"What," demanded the second lady with the fire of high determination in her eye, "was Queen Victoria's last name?"

"I don't know whether queens change their last names when they marry, as other women do," said the librarian. "If they do, her name was Wettin, for that was her husband's family name and the name of her children. But it's her own family name you're after of course. 'You'll find it in the biographical dictionary under V or G; but G may give the pronunciation, and V wouldn't. Try G.'"

They tried; they were certain at least that the great queen's last name was G-u-e-l-p-h.

It was another librarian in a larger city that was asked to arbitrate a dispute between two students, one of whom was trying to convince the other that the majesty of Britain, reduced to plain republican terms, must be Mrs. Victoria Consort. "For didn't she marry Prince Consort?"

## MINER'S LUCK

**L**UCK seems to thrive best among the precious metals. From the gold mines and the diamond fields come many strange stories that illustrate the uncertainties of fortune. California, the Yukon, South Africa, all have their share of tales of extraordinary finds and losses, but from New Guinea comes one of the most remarkable. On many of the islands off that coast gold is found. At one time, says Capt. C. A. W. Monckton in his book, *Some Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate*, Woodlark Island was crowded with prospectors.

One day a party of successful miners were returning in a small cutter to Samarai. The separate parcels of gold belonging to the individual men were "shammies," as the bullion bags are called, and the whole quantity was sewn together in a large belt of canvas and lay upon the hatch.

When the vessel entered China Strait a sudden squall struck her, and as she heeled over the gold shot into the scuppers and disappeared. As soon as the skipper could get his vessel in hand he took soundings and bearings and, running hastily into Samarai, gathered such pearls as were working there and offered half the gold to any of them who recovered it.

Several pearls at once sailed for the spot. Diver after diver descended and toiled; diver after diver ascended and reported a soft mud bottom and a hopeless quest; pearler after pearler lifted his anchor and went back to Samarai; and at last the cutter also hoisted her anchor preparatory to taking the miners back to the gold fields. A disconsolate group of men they were as they watched the anchor coming up; but I leave to the imagination the change in their faces when in the mud that clung to the fluke of it they saw their canvas belt of gold.

## A PUZZLING DISK

**W**HAT is the Phaistos disk? Ever since 1908, when it was found on the site of the palace of Phaistos in southern Crete, it has puzzled archaeologists. It looks, says a contributor to the *London Graphic*, much like a phonograph record; it is from three fifths to four fifths of an inch thick and is six inches in diameter. It is made of fine clay and is supposed to have been shaped during the Middle Minoan period or approximately 1600 B.C.

The disk is stamped with forty-five pictographs arranged in spiral form to be read, apparently, from the outer edge to the center. Four fifths of the characters are entirely new. One that is exceptionally puzzling—the plumed head of a warrior—appears not less than nineteen times.

At one time archaeologists hoped that the characters on the disk would prove to be elementary forms of the Phoenician alphabet. Then the thought of an alphabet was discarded, and students sought to interpret the characters by regarding them as notes of music. The results are encouraging. Perhaps some day the disk may tell us of the strains to which the beautiful Ariadne, daughter of King Minos, danced and prayed.

## KEEPING UP APPEARANCES IN CHILE

**W**HAT discomforts people will suffer merely for the sake of appearances! In Santiago, Chile, says Mr. Harry A. Franck, in *Working North from Patagonia*, there are poor but aristocratic families that, unable to afford the usual summer vacation that it is the custom for the upper class to take, shut themselves tight in the backs of their houses for two months or more and live on what food their trusted servants can smuggle in to them. A man who had every mark of being trustworthy assured me that he had been invited to the home-coming party of a family that he knew had not been outside Santiago in a decade!

## BUT NOT IN SPELLING

**P**UNCH quotes this extract from a letter that a nine-year-old boy wrote toward the end of his first term at a preparatory school. "I feale I have lernt a lot sence i caime hear."

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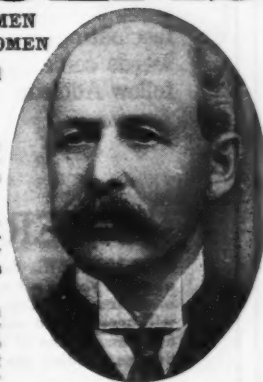
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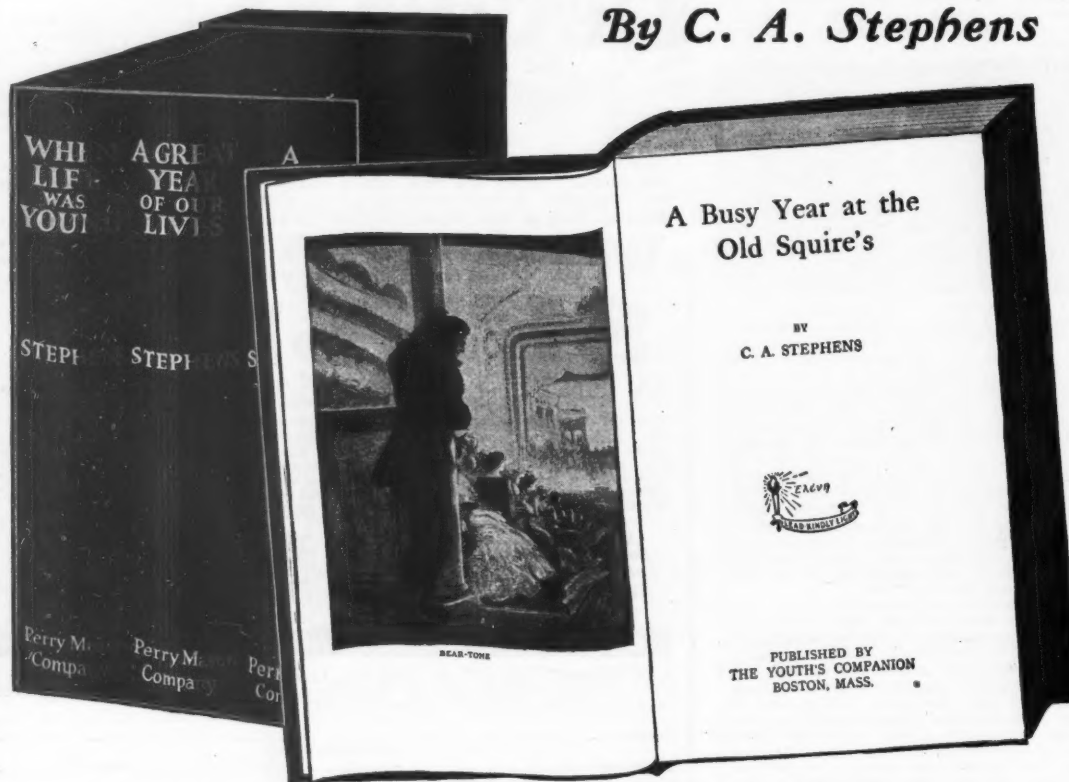


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### EPIDEMIC JAUNDICE

LAST winter an epidemic form of jaundice known as Weil's disease was observed in many parts of the country, and the medical and health journals since then have occasionally reported cases of it. Probably it is the same disease that was first described a century ago in Minorca and that later was observed in Japan and in Europe, especially among troops in the Great War. Possibly our returning army may have brought it back with them.

The disease begins suddenly with light chills, high fever, dizziness, prostration, a feeling of faintness, colic and diarrhea. After a few days jaundice appears, but usually it is not intense; then the patient becomes weaker and seems to be very ill. The tongue and lips are covered with blackish fur such as you see in cases of prolonged typhoid fever; the patient is frequently sick at the stomach and occasionally vomits. Hiccups and stiff neck and pains in the joints are not uncommon; nosebleed and hemorrhage from the lungs or from the stomach may occur; and black-and-blue spots may appear on various parts of the skin. Signs of inflammation of the kidneys are often present. The eyes become red and are sensitive to the light. At the end of a week or ten days the fever breaks, and the patient recovers; but convalescence is greatly prolonged; many weeks may pass before he recovers his health and strength.

A microscopic animal organism similar to that which causes yellow fever causes epidemic jaundice. Indeed, the symptoms of the two diseases do not differ much; yellow fever, however, is much the severer and is generally fatal. In spite of the apparent gravity of the symptoms epidemic jaundice is seldom fatal in this country and in Europe; but it is said that in Japan almost one third of the persons who suffer with it die. The infecting germ is found in rats as well as in man and is believed to enter the body of the sufferer through the skin of the feet or of the hands when they are brought into contact with earth soiled with the discharges of the infected rat or person. There is no known cure for the disease; the treatment is directed to alleviate the symptoms as they arise.

### "SCATTING" THE TIGER

TIGERS are not merely overgrown cats that, at an angry word or gesture, will turn tail and run. Most people, fortunately, are willing to believe as much. But Chinese coolies, writes a British official in Asia, think otherwise. The coolie goes his way serenely through the tiger-infested jungle with a song in his heart and a "scat" on his lips—a happy attitude, truly, but an attitude that has resulted in more than one tragedy.

One day, says the writer, I witnessed one of those tragedies in the Malay Peninsula. I had taken some police out to help me track a tiger that was responsible for the loss of many lives. From a distant eminence we soon caught sight of a Chinaman slowly strolling along and sucking a piece of sugar cane. Out sprang the tiger, but he missed his mark, which was the back of the man's head. Without walking any faster, the coolie merely withdrew the cane from his mouth and, waving it at the tiger, "scattered" him away.

Concealed in the jungle, however, the creature silently followed alongside the path and at one of the turns farther on made another and accurate spring. This time he carried the Chinaman with him into the jungle.

### NOT FOR DUCKS

AN English rider, coming to a river that he was unfamiliar with, asked a youngster who was playing on the bank whether the water was deep. "No," replied the boy, and the rider started to cross. But he soon found, says the Traveler's Beacon, that he and his horse had to swim for their lives.

When he finally reached the other side he turned and shouted to the boy: "I thought you said it wasn't deep."

"It aren't," was the reply. "It only takes grandfather's ducks up to their middles."

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## Bed-linen—white, sweet, clean!

*How careful hostesses can keep it so, always*

**E**VEN as the guest of your dearest friend, you would probably never mention the intimate disappointment of nights spent between sheets which lack the sweet freshness and whiteness of skillful laundering.

You can easily avoid the possibility of grayness and laundry odors in your own bed-linen, and a not-quite-clean dinginess in towels—

By the use of the right soap in the right way

But the *choice* of the right soap should be *yours*.

If you yourself do *not* carefully select the soap, you must excuse careless performance by your laundress.

P and G The White Naphtha Soap assures snow-white, sweet-clean sheets, pillow-cases, table-linen, towels, underwear and wash dresses, because—

It is *white*

It *loosens* all the dirt *quickly*

It rinses out *thoroughly* (no odor—no grime)

While boiling is entirely permissible with P and G, it is often unnecessary. Rubbing is reduced to the very minimum. The result is a saving of the laundress's time, and a saving of *your clothes*.

P and G is *safe*—it acts on the *dirt*, *not* on the fabric. It is not a special soap for special duties, but a *complete* soap for every cleansing purpose.

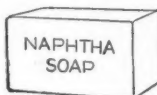
So many thousands of women have come to appreciate the unique cleansing qualities of P and G that it is now the largest selling laundry soap in America.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

*Not merely a white laundry soap,*

*Not merely a naphtha soap,*

*But the best features of both combined.*



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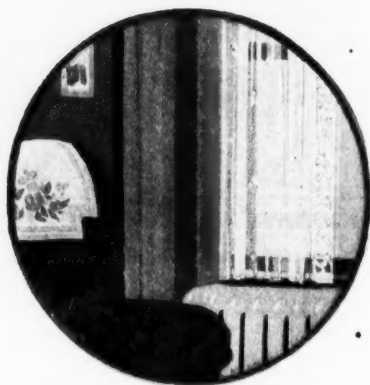
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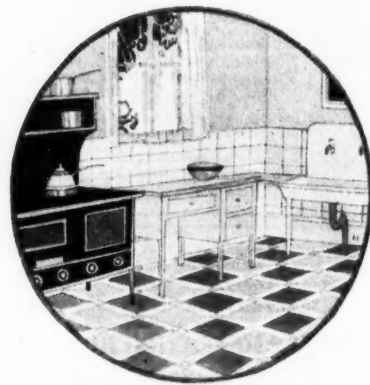
Speed and Safety



P and G and lukewarm water will take ground-in dirt out of children's clothes without fading colors — P and G acts on *dirt*, not on fabrics or dyes.



Window-sills and frames—how grimy they get! P and G on a damp cloth rubbed lightly on the paint, removes grime, but never wears off the surface.



Scouring steals the finish and color from linoleums. Pass a damp cloth, soaped with P and G, across the linoleum—the dirt disappears instantly, restoring gloss and brightening colors.